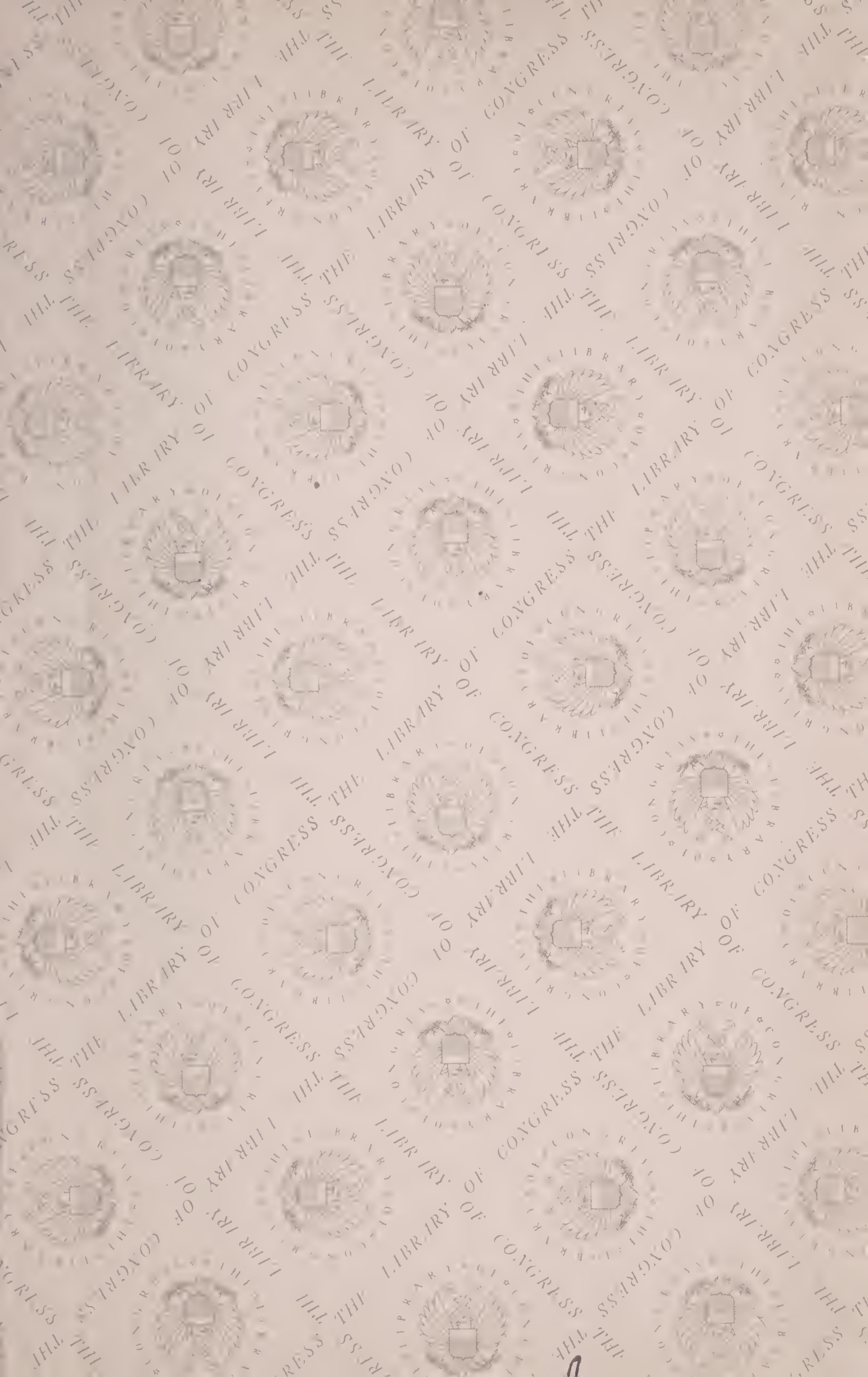


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Canned Laughter

By
RANDALL ALBERT CARTER,
ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE
COLORED METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



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FOREWORD

CANNED LAUGHTER? Why not? We have canned fruit, canned vegetables, canned meats, and sometimes "canned folks" nowadays. In fact, everything which is palatable and desirable, though out of season, is now served, by being canned, at any season. So why not serve laughter, for laughter "doeth good like a medicine"?

Nothing helps a public speaker to catch and hold an audience better than an apt anecdote or story. A good story, well told, reacts upon a tired audience, bored by a long and dull program, like a genial shower of rain in summer upon drooping plants. I have noticed that few speakers seem to have a fund of good anecdotes and stories suitable for all occasions. The contents of this little can of laughter will help all such persons. These are the choicest of my collection, culled from my scrap-book, which has grown fat by being fed through many years by the use of the paste-jar and the scissors. With some of these anecdotes and stories I have saved myself many a time from talking to a sleeping crowd, or, worse still, from speaking to empty seats, when I came last on a program which was remarkable only for its dullness.

Therefore, I commend them to my fellow-public speakers for the same good purpose, for my experience has been that the average normal human

being prefers to be entertained rather than to be instructed, and, once they are started to laughing by a well-chosen anecdote or story, will swallow almost any kind of oratorical nostrum, however bitter or vapid, if it is sugar-coated with a little humor.

Wisely has it been declared, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Those who help make "merry hearts" help make life's loads lighter and thus are benefactors of mankind. Therefore, I am sending this little book forth with the hope that it will make "miles and miles of smiles."

RANDALL ALBERT CARTER.

4408 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 1, 1923.

CANNED LAUGHTER

WELL RECOMMENDED

Two Negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where Senator Bailey was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes, one of them turned to his companion and asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don' know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly."

PIE CUTTERS.

Old Aunt Sally, the highly esteemed cook in a Southern family, was frequently praised for her culinary skill, and on one occasion, when a number of guests had been to dine with the family, a remark was made touching the beautiful appearance of Sally's pie, which showed a very pretty "scallop" on its edge.

Inquiry being made as to how the old lady managed to get such an even design, Sally was summoned to the dining-room and the question was duly put to her.

The emotions of the guests may be imagined when the old lady replied:

"Oh, dat's easy. I jest uses my false teeth."

RUDE HASTE.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

HIS CHOICE.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."

THE NATURAL FINISH.

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."

ECONOMY.

A New England mother had come upon her eight-year-old son enjoying a feast whereof the components were jam, butter, and bread.

"Son," said the mother, "don't you think it a bit extravagant to eat butter with that fine jam?"

"No, ma'am," was the response. "It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both."

DIFFERENT.

The candidate (having quoted the words of an eminent statesman in support of an argument): "And, mind you, these are not my words. This is not merely my opinion. These are words of a man who knows what he's talking about."

SUCCESS?

George A. Hill, of the United States Naval Observatory, before leaving on a trip for the purpose of studying a solar eclipse, remarked with a sigh: "I have high hopes for the success of this expedition, but think how often the highest hopes are blasted! Think how many boys begin their careers with full confidence of becoming presidents, governors, or senators at the very least, and look what happens to them."

"A boy, and he was a bright boy, too, left his father's farm, near my native town of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and went to New York to seek his fortune. None of his family seemed to doubt in the least that his fortune would meet him at the ferry with a brass band.

"But six months passed without a word from the adventurous youth. At last, one cold winter afternoon, his father received this note scribbled in pencil on an old scrap of wrapping-paper:

"Dear pa, meet me under the old bridge tomorrow night after dark. Bring with you a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat."

PERFECTLY WILLING.

✓ Charles M. Floyd, while he was governor of New Hampshire, lost Colonel Ward, of his staff, and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, even while the colonel's body was awaiting burial. One candidate even called upon Governor Floyd.

"Governor," he asked, "have you any objection to my taking Colonel Ward's place?"

"No," replied the governor, "I have no objection if the undertaker is willing."

QUITE EXCUSABLE?

Thomas Nelson Page tells of an office-boy named Eugene, and colored, whom he had when he practiced law in Richmond. The boy wasn't much of a help about the office, but, with proper persuasion, he could be induced to sweep out every morning.

One day, however, he did not appear. Page went to the office, saw it was not swept, and went out and walked around for an hour. He waited another hour and still no boy. He waited until three o'clock in the afternoon, and no boy; so, very angry, he decided to go out and interview the boy's father about it.

"That rascally boy of yours hasn't been at my office at all to-day," exploded Page.

"Sholy, Massa Tom," replied the father, "you-all ain't telling me dat boy Eugene hain't done bin dar yet?"

"I am telling you. He hasn't been there all day."

"That's ver' strange," commented the father; "but I reckon you-all hafter 'scuse him dis mawnin'."

"Excuse him! Why?" roared Page.

"Well, Massa Tom, he's daid."

THE REASON.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, relates an amusing incident that goes to prove there has been a considerable advancement in the last half-century in the remuneration of teachers.

"When I was a boy," says President Butler, "it was the custom for the country people to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher. This meant that as part pay he was from time to time supplied with fresh meat.

"One day a boy named Tim Moorehead breath-

lessly sought our instructor, exclaiming, 'Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork.' 'Indeed I do, Tim,' answered the pedagogue. 'Say to your father that there is nothing in the way I like better than pork.'

"Some time passed, but there was no pork from Tim's father.

" 'How about the pork your father was to send me?' the teacher asked the boy one day.

" 'Oh,' answered the boy, 'the pig got well.' "

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

The servants were abed, and the doctor answered the bell himself. A colored man stood on the steps holding a large package.

"Is Miss Matildah, the cook, at home, sah?" asked the man.

"Yes, but she has retired," returned the doctor.

"Can I leab dis fo' her, sah?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle, from which flowers and buds were protruding, and, after bidding the man good-night, carefully carried it to the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water.

The doctor thought nothing more of the affair until he heard Mathilda's angry voice raised in conversation with the maid.

"Ef I had de pusson heah," cried the cook, "dat put mah new spring hat in dis yer dishpan, I'd scald 'im fo' sho!"

THE VARIATIONS IN LOVE.

Into a telegraph office in an Eastern town there recently came a much-agitated young woman. She wrote upon one telegraph blank, tore it in halves, wrote a second, which she treated in the same manner, and at last a third. This she handed to the operator, requesting, in a trembling voice, that he "hurry it up."

The operator obeyed instructions, and when the young woman had gone he read the two messages that she had torn in halves.

The first was: "All is over. I never wish to see you again."

The second read: "Do not write or try to see me at present."

The third ran: "Can you take the next train? Please answer."

FILLING HER PROGRAM.

"Ah, say, Miz Mandy, am yo' program full?"

"Lordee, no, Mr. Lumley. It take mo' dan a san'wich an' two olives to fill my program."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me."

"And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't marry a liar."

"I would."

THE FATAL STREET CORNER.

In a Nova Scotia town lived an old man whose wife had recently died, leaving him in a comfortable house with no one to look after him. He soon began "lookin' round" for a second helpmate, and settled on a widow whose status as a housekeeper for her former spouse was well-established. The old man had but one objection to her: she was a Methodist, and he had been a devout Presbyterian all his life.

"It's all right but for that one thing," he confided to his crony, when they fell to discussing his drawback. "Come week-days, she will be fine, I'm a-thinking. She can keep me tidy, mind the house, and, man, ye know she can cook. But then," and he shook his head doubtfully, "then will come Sunday. We will be starting off for church together, just as husband and wife should be doing on the Sabbath day, and we will come to the corner. Then Mandy, she will be turning to go down the street to that Methodist place, and I will go on to the house of God alone."

A SWEDISH SHERLOCK HOLMES.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty

soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says: 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!' "

TO ADD INTEREST.

A little boy was killed on a viaduct in a certain Texas city. A father was trying to describe him to his little son. The boy tried to recall the dead child, and, failing, said sorrowfully to his parent, "I wish it had been Patty O'Hagan—I know him."

A SCOTCHMAN'S METTLE.

Two Irishmen, bent on robbery, held up a passing Scotchman. After a long, fierce fight, in which the Scotchman almost had the better of it, they succeeded in conquering him. A thorough search of his clothes disclosed one lone 5-cent piece. "Troth, Pat," said Mike disgustedly, "if he'd had 10 cints instead of a nickel, he'd have murdered the two of us!"

HIS CONGRATULATIONS.

A young Concord lawyer had a foreign client in police court the other day. It looked rather black for the foreigner, and the Concord man fairly outdid himself in trying to convince the magistrate that his client was innocent.

The lawyer dwelt on the other's ignorance of American customs, his straightforward story, and

enough other details to extend the talk fully fifteen minutes. His client was acquitted.

In congratulating the freed man the lawyer held out his hand in an absent though rather suggestive manner. The client grasped it warmly.

"Dot was a fine noise you make," he said; "Tanks, Goo-by."

STILL CATCHING UP.

A man who was traveling in the Ozark mountains on horseback stopped in before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer, as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.

On finding that what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveler asked why he did not take some weekly or monthly periodical that he might keep in touch with the world at large.

"Wal," said the old native, "when my pa died, nine years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high"—indicating a height of about four feet—"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

ALL IN VAIN.

According to the following story, economy has its pains as well as its pleasures, even after the saving is done.

One spring, for some reason, old Eli was going round town with the face of dissatisfaction, and,

when questioned, poured forth his voluble tale of woe thus:

“Marse George, he come to me last fall an’ he say, ‘Eli, dis gwine ter be a hard winter, so you be keerful, an’ save you wages fas’ an’ tight.’

“An’ I b’lieve Marse George, yes, sha, I b’lieve him, an’ I save an’ I save, an’ when de winter come it ain’t got no hardship, an’ dere was I wid all dat money jes’ frown on mah hands!”

EXPURGATED.

✓ Embarrassed preacher (reading the first chapter of Jonah, and making the best of the seventeenth verse): And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah; and Jonah was in the—er—a—and Jonah was in the—er—And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah; and Jonah was in the society of the fish three days and three nights.”

SAVING HIS LIFE.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

“Sing Loo, gleatest doctor,” said his servant; “he savee my lifee once.”

“Really?” queried the Englishman.

“Yes; me tellible awful,” was the reply; “me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life.”

THE SCAPEGOAT.

Teacher—"I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie—"I don't want ter go home. There's a baby just come to our house."

Teacher—"You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—"

Johnnie (vehemently)—"I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."

NO PLACE FOR IT

An Irishman visited a tuberculosis exhibit, where lungs in both healthy and diseased conditions were displayed preserved in glass jars. After carefully studying one marked "Cured tuberculosis lung," he turned to the physician and said:

"Perhaps it's because Oi'm Irish, but if ye cured th' patient, how could ye have his lung in a bottle?"

WENDELL PHILLIPS' RETORT.

Wendell Phillips, according to the recent biography by Dr. Lorenzo Sears, was, on one occasion, lecturing in Ohio, and while on a railroad journey, going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy, returning from some sort of convention. One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips and asked him, "Are you Mr. Phillips?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to free the niggers?" "Yes, sir; I am an abolitionist." "Well, why do you preach your doctrines up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?" "Excuse

me, are you a preacher?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to save souls from hell?" "Yes, sir; that's my business." "Well, why don't you go there?" The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctified laughter.

ANSWERING IT.

A Boston woman, said Mr. Bliss Carman at a dinner in New York, once asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line, "What is so rare as a day in June?" Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album till he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl, "Chinaman with whiskers."

A USE FOR BOYS.

The ever-burning question, "What shall we do with our boys?" seems to be satisfactorily answered in the following advertisement, which appears in the window of a butcher shop, "Wanted—a respectable boy for beef sausages."

WHY SHE PREFERRED WALKING.

An alert little five-year-old was taking a walk in a city park with her mother for the first time, and when they arrived at the boat landing where the swan boats were waiting for passengers little Elsie pulled away and declared very vigorously that she did not want to go, and as her mother urged her she broke into tears.

This sudden fear was so unusual that her mother could not understand it until she heard the boatman's call:

"Come along, come along—ride clear around the pond—only five cents for ladies and gents—children thrown in!"

THE BRITISH VIEW, TOO.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."

SEEING HER HOME.

Hegan—"I think Miss deBlank is very rude."

Jones—"What causes you to think that? I never thought her so."

Hegan—"I met her out for a walk this afternoon, and asked if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the high-school building, and that it wasn't necessary to go any farther."

REASSURING.

Bobbie ran into the sewing-room and cried: "Oh, mamma! There's a man in the nursery kissing Fraulein."

Mamma dropped her sewing and rushed for the stairway.

"April fool!" said Bobbie, gleefully. "It's only papa."

MATES.

Bobby—"Honest, is there twins at your house?"

Tommy—"Honest! An' they're just alike."

Bobby—"Built just the same way, or are they rights and lefts?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The Lady of the House—"I hope you are habitually truthful, Bridget?"

The New Maid—"Yis, mum, I am on me own account. I only tells lies to th' callers, f'r th' mis-sus."

A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the Justice sternly.

"Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawthuh perculia dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', suh."

HITTING IT UP

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The Negro porter, who heard the shooting, was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

" 'Bout like dis way," explained the Negro, clap-

ping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a genman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a-passin' de Big Fo' depot."

WHY BOYS ARE BRAVE.

To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."

REGARDING CHICKENS.

Senator Money, of Mississippi, asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best, and he replied:

"All kinds has merits. De w'ite ones is de easiest to find; but de black ones is de easiest to hide aftah you gits 'em."

WHAT THE WAITER SAYS.

The waiter who bawls out his order to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as extinct as the dodo; but his cries should live forever.

"Mutton broth in a hurry," says a customer.

"Baa-baa in the rain! Make him run!" shouts the waiter.

"Beefsteak and onions," says a customer. "John Bull! Make him a ginny!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a sealskin coat!" shouts the waiter.

"Two fried eggs. Don't fry 'em too hard," says a customer. "Adam and Eve in the Garden! Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Poached eggs on toast," says the customer. "Bride and groom on a raft in the middle of the ocean!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer. "Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts the waiter. "I'll have hash, too," says the next customer. "Another sport!" shouts the waiter.

"I'll have a glass of milk," says a customer. "Let it rain!" shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot," says a customer. "Fido Shep and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter; "and let 'em sizzle!"

THE BEST THING HE WROTE.

She was a charming debutante, and he was a somewhat serious chap. Conversation was rather fitful, so he decided to guide it into literary channels.

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott, he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,' " he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic? You like them, I am sure?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's Emulsion?" he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

HOW WOULD IT WORK IN THE FAMILY?

"Johnny, did you take that jam? Answer me this instant!"

"What jam, ma?"

"You know very well what jam. Did you take it?"

"That's a leading question, ma. I can't incriminate myself."

"Johnny!"

"And besides, ma, it's no crime to take jam, because there's no mention of blackberry jam in the constitution."

"Johnny, I'm losing patience. Once more, did you take that jam?"

"Ma, I'd like a delay until next fall to prepare my case. My witnesses have gone to Europe."

"You're overruled. If I waited you might destroy the evidence."

"Then I want a change of venue."

"Overruled. This is just as good a place as the woodshed."

"Can I have a habeas corpus, ma?"

"Johnny, you're hurting your own case by all this quibbling. Come now, did you take it or didn't you?"

"Ma, I'd like to appeal the case to some court that isn't in session."

"Nonsense. This court is capable of trying it. If you're guilty I want to know it; and if you're innocent I should think you'd be glad to have a chance to prove it. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, ma!"

WHERE WAS JOHN?

A San Francisco woman whose husband had been dead some years went to a medium, who produced the spirit of her dead husband.

"My dear John," said the widow to the spirit, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," John replied.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "I am far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"Tell me, John, what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" said John, "I'm not in heaven."

NO NEED

"I see you only have one chair in the kitchen, Mary. I must get another one for you."

"You needn't mind, ma'am. I have none but gentleman callers."

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man of all work.

"See here!" he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called! I want to sleep!"

"I know, suh, but dey've got to hab de sheets anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock an' dey's waitin' fo' de table-cloth."

THE CONSOLING WAITER.

At the first meal on board the ocean liner Smythe was beginning to feel like casting his bread upon the waters. His friends had told him that when he began to feel that way he should stuff himself. He tackled a cutlet first, but it didn't taste right. He

observed to the waiter, "Waiter, this cutlet isn't very good."

The waiter looked at his whitening face, then replied: "Yes, sir; but for the length of time you'll 'ave h'it, sir, h'it won't matter, sir."

THE REFORM HE NEEDED.

Earnest but Prosy Street-corner Orator—"I want land reform; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—

Bored Voice—"Chloroform."

HER RESPONSIBILITY.

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband for better or for worse—"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted; "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gits any wusser, w'y, ah'll tend to 'im myself."

BEARING IT ALL ALONE.

Some federal officers in the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old tumble-down hut. About two o'clock a polecat announced in its own peculiar way its presence. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

"Mein gracious!" he exclaimed, in tones of despair. "All the rest ashleep und I've got to shmell it all!"

FATHER'S METHOD.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him, his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands, and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender-hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes, she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh—I wouldn't feel badly if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon and he'll make me take it."

MOTHERLY CARE.

The judge of the juvenile court, leaning forward in his chair, looked searchingly from the discreet and very ragged piccaninny before his desk to the ample and solicitous form of the culprit's mother. "Why do you send him to the railroad yards to pick up coal?" demanded his honor. "You know it is against the law to send your child where he will be in jeopardy of his life."

"'Deed, jedge, I doesn't send 'im; I nebber has sent 'im, 'deed—"

"Doesn't he bring home the coal?" inquired the judge, impatiently.

"But, jedge, I whips 'im, jedge, ebery time he brings it, I whips de little rapscallion till he cayn't set, 'deed, I does."

The careful disciplinarian turned her broad, shiny countenance reprovingly upon her undisturbed offspring, but kept a conciliatory eye for the judge.

"You burn the coal he brings, do you not?" persisted the judge.

"Burns it—burns it—cose I burns it. W'y, jedge, I has to git it out ob de way."

"Why don't you send him back with it?" His honor smiled insinuatingly as he rasped out the question.

"Send 'im back, jedge!" exclaimed the woman, throwing up her hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Send 'im back! W'y, jedge, ain't yo' jes' told me I didn't oughter send my chile to no sech dange'some and jeopardous place?"

SLIPPED HIS MIND.

A Perthshire farmer on his way home from market one day suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something, but what he could not recall.

As he neared home the conviction increased and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in the vain endeavor to discover what he had missed. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and asked:

"Why, father, what have you done with mother?"

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed the salvation. When he had finished he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well; but don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way: what I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."

ABRAHAM'S PREDICAMENT.

The Sunday-school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

"And what now is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher.

There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is what you takes off before you puts on your nightie."

DIDN'T LOOK RIGHT.

A Negro, a new assistant on a farm down South, was asked to hold a cow while the farmer, a cross-eyed man, was to hit her on the head with an ax. The darky, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired:

"Is you gwine to hit whar you is lookin', boss?"

"Why, certainly," answered the farmer.

"Well, den, you hold de cow yourself, sah."

LEGAL HUMOR.

"Hello, Mose; how long you-all in jail fo'?"

"Three weeks."

"What did you do?"

"Jest killed ma wife."

"An' you-all only got three weeks?"

"Dat's all. Den dey's gwine ter hang me."

THE CHINESE COOK.

A tramp, who seemed to be in a starving condition, asked for food at the kitchen of a home in California.

"You likee fish?" asked the Chinese cook.

"Sure," replied the tramp, eagerly.

"All lite; come aloud Fliday."

HOW THEY DO IT.

✓ In a hotel in Montana is the following notice:

Boarders are taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly are taken by the neck.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

The day before she was to be married the old Negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings in her keeping. "Why should I keep it; I thought you were going to get married?" said her mistress. "So I is, Missus, but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in de house wid dat strange nigger?"

TO LET.

A witty lawyer, whose ability brought him to the front rank in his profession, ultimately became a member of Parliament. In the course of a debate on one occasion he considerably angered a member of the opposite party.

The latter jumped to his feet and exclaimed angrily: "The honorable member for X——, as everyone knows, has rooms to let in his upper story."

The lawyer merely smiled as he replied: "True, I have rooms to let, but there lies this difference between the honorable member for Z—— and myself. Mine are furnished."

NO STAR ROUTE FOR HIM.

Senator Bacon tells a story of a Negro in Macon who wanted to be a carrier on a rural free-delivery route.

The Negro made his application and went before the board, whose members were men he had known all his life.

"What's your name?" asked the examiner.

"'Deed, boss," the Negro replied, "you done know my name. You's knowed me all your life."

"What's your name?" very sternly.

"Sam Johnson."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, where were you born?"

"Now look yere, boss, you done knowed where I'se bawn, right on your ol' father's fahm."

"Never mind that, Mr. Johnson. You were born

in Macon. Now, Mr. Johnson, tell this board how many miles it is from the earth to the moon."

"Huh, boss, I cain't tell dat, and I'se goin' to quit dis yere right now. You cain't put me on no such run as dat."

EVERY PRECAUTION TAKEN.

During a recent smallpox epidemic in Alabama special precautions against the disease were taken in the mining camps. In one of these camps the president of the mining company paid a visit of inspection and came upon an old Negro leaning against the side of a building.

"Jake," asked the president, "are you afraid of the smallpox out here?"

"Some may be, sah," Jake replied. "As fo' me, I ain't scahed; I'se jest gwine toh get me some lime an' limate mah house; an' den de doctah, he's comin' up an' 'sassinate mah fambly; so dat, den sah, if we do git de smallpox, 'twon't be nothin' but de celluloid."

A GRAVE JOB.

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the courtrooms at Atlanta, Georgia, and, addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?"

"I am the probate judge."

"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a 'logical

seminary, and he died detested, and left three little infidels, and I have come to be appointed their executioner.

A QUESTION OF HEARING.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post office.

"Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new postmaster looked him up and down.

"For—who?" he snapped.

"Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.

The postmaster turned aside.

"I don't understand," he returned stiffly.

"Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe."

"Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I a letter for anybody else's cow!"

THE DRUMMER'S SERMON.

"Certainly, I will make a few remarks," said the cigar salesman, who, because of his solemn garb, has been mistaken for a man of the cloth. Ascending the platform, he said:

"Men are much like cigars. Often you cannot tell by the wrapper what the filler is. Sometimes a good old stogie is more popular than an imported celebrity. Some men are all right in the showcase, on display, but are great disappointments when you get them home. No matter how fine a

man is, eventually he meets his match. A two-fer often puts on as many airs as a fifty-center. Some men never get to the front at all except during campaigns. Some are very fancy outside and are selected for presents. Others have a rough exterior but spread cheer and comfort about them because of what is inside. But all men, as all cigars, good or bad, two-fers, stogies, or rich or poor, come to ashes at the last."

VERY LIKELY.

The railroad station of Meridian, Texas, is about a mile from the business part of town. One night a sleepy, weary traveling man said to the darky who was driving him to the hotel:

"Old man, why did they put this depot so far from town?"

The darky scratched his head in thought and replied:

"Waal, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation, but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis, I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."

KNEW WHAT AILED HIM.

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently, with his mouth ajar and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A Northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top of a capsule and, advancing on

tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey's tongue. Presently the Negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth and instantly he arose with a start and looked about him wildly.

"Mistah," he said to the joker, "is you a doctah?"

"Nope."

"Well, then, kin yo' tell me whar I kin fin' me a doctah right away?"

"What do you want with a doctor?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"Powerful sick."

"Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Suttinly I knows whut's de matteh with me—mah gall's busted!"

SAVING TIME.

"Are you still taking a cold plunge every morning?"

"No; I quit doing that to save time."

"Why, a cold plunge doesn't take more than a minute or two."

"I know, but I used to spend three-quarters of an hour curled up in bed hesitating."

HIS WIFE.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"

"I'se de manager ob a laundry."

"What's de name of this laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."

HIS COUNT.

“How many children have you?” asked the census-taker.

The man addressed removed the pipe from his mouth, scratched his head, thought it over a moment, and then replied:

“Five—four living and one married.”

A QUICK SHIFT.

A Scottish parson, remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style, was enlarging one Sunday upon the text, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.”

“Yes, my friends,” urged he with solemn earnestness, “unless ye repent ye shall as surely perish,” deftly placing his left forefinger on the wing of a blue-bottle fly that had just alighted upon the reading desk while the parson’s right hand was uplifted, “just as surely as, my friends, I flatten this poor fly.”

But before the threatened blow descended the fly got away, whereupon the minister further improved the occasion with ready wit, exclaiming, “There’s a chance for ye yet, my friends.”

HIS INNINGS.

On a recent examination paper in civics was this question, “If the President, Vice-president, and all the members of the Cabinet should die, who would officiate?”

Robert, a boy of twelve, thought for some time,

trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him and he answered, "The undertaker."

TOO MUCH TIME.

A colored preacher in a little Georgia town had offended the white people by something he said in a sermon he had preached on a certain Sabbath. A committee of the whites waited on him at his home to chastise him for his indiscretion. He was not at home so they left a note with his wife to deliver to him on his return which read as follows, "We will give you twenty-four hours to be out of town, and if you are not gone in that time we will return and attend to you."

When he returned and read the note he gathered a few things together hastily and wrote the following answer: "Your note received and in reply I am returning you twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes of the time you gave me to get out of town. Fifteen minutes is all I need."

HARD ON GEORGIA.

A woman who had lost her husband and could not be consoled finally decided to go to a medium to see if she could not get her dead husband to talk to her. The medium told her she could arrange a talk with him for five dollars. The disconsolate widow willingly paid the five dollars and was told to step into a closet and continue to say Hello! until she got an answer. After saying Hello! for several

seconds finally she heard a faint Hello! in answer. She cried, "Is that you, Sam?" which was her husband's name. The voice answered, "Yes, this is Sam."

"Oh, Sam," she cried, "I am so glad to hear your voice once more! Is it really you, Sam?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is really I, Mary."

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and upon being told he was all right she wanted to know if he was as well off as he was here.

"Yes, Mary," he replied, "I am as well off as I was in Georgia."

"Where are you, Sam?" she pressed.

"I am in hell," he replied.

FAST RUNNING.

✓ Two colored men were discussing a small town in Alabama where it was said no colored person was allowed to stop. The town was on the main line of the Kansas City, Memphis, and Birmingham Railroad. One of the speakers said he would bet he could stop there since he was a law-abiding citizen with the constitution of the United States and the constitution of Alabama to protect him. The other agreed to bet him ten dollars he would not dare to stop there. Buying a ticket to the town the first man boarded the train and got off at the town. The usual crowd of white loafers was around the station when the train stopped. They were astonished to see a colored person get off a train there, but thought he was just stretching his

legs and would get on again when the train started. When the train pulled off and left him they went up to him and said, "Nigger, don't you know we don't allow niggers in this town?"

"I am a citizen of the United States and a citizen of Alabama and I've got two constitutions behind me," the colored man replied, "and I am not breaking any law."

"Is that so?" they replied, and knocked him down, beat and stamped him until he was covered with blood and dirt.

Finally, an old gray-haired fellow said, "Stop, boys, don't kill him yet." "Get up thar, nigger," he said.

The colored man got up full of dust and blood. "Nigger," he said, "if I don't let the boys kill you this time, will you promise to ketch the next train that comes along?"

The colored man, wiping the blood and dust off him, replied:

"Boss, if you won't let 'em kill me, I'll ketch that train that's done gone on."

WHY HONEY WAS SLOW.

She left her hubby alone in the room at the hotel while she went shopping. She returned. The many doors and numbers confused her, but she soon decided which was her room.

She knocked and called: "I'm back, honey—let me in."

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, knocking harder. "Honey, it is me—please, honey!"

Brief silence, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

JUSTIFIABLE RESENTMENT.

The devil looked up from his daily register. "I see you have a fellow named Sherman here."

"Yes," said Beelzebub, "he came with the last lot."

"Well, see if he is any relation to a general of that name who said war was hell, and if he is, give him the limit. I ain't going to stand for people slander-ing hell that way."

TIT FOR TAT.

One morning Mr. Stone was going to his office when he met Mr. Wood, a particular friend of his.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stone," said Mr. Wood. "How are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Very well, thank you; but how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?" was the reply.

DISAPPOINTED.

One of the papers tells of a complaint entered by a colored congregation in the South against "the powers that be." Said the spokesman of the church, "We all asked you for a graduate, an' you all sent us a quituate."

"But what on earth is a quituate?" he was asked.

"W'y, don't you know what a quituate is? He's a student at a the'logical cemetery what quits before he gits through."

HOW TO PRESERVE A GOOD MEMORY.

"How is it you have such a good memory, Norah?" her mistress asked a servant.

"Well, mum, I'll tell ye. Since me childhood never a lie have I told, and when ye don't have to be taxin' yer mimory to be rememberin' what ye told this one or that, or how ye explained this or that, shure ye don't overwork it an' it lasts ye, good as new till ye die."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

In Paducah, Kentucky, there was a husky Negro named "Bull Shakelford," who ruled the black belt by a combination of brawn and intimidation. One day there got off the boat a little yellow darkey, a stranger, who had some reputation as a prize-fighter.

Into a saloon he went and ordered refreshments. As he was pulling off a bill from an enormous roll to pay for it, Bull Shakelford laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Say, you little nigger," he bellowed, "you've got too much dough to take care of. You just pass over dat roll and I'll give you back what you orter have. Dat's de way I takes care of de niggers round here."

The little darkey did not raise his eyes, but he

did raise his hand, and he flicked off Bull's hand very much as he would have swept off a fly.

Bull squared off and glowered. "Do you know who I is?" he demanded. "I'sé de bully of this town. When I gives orders, everybody obeys 'em."

Almost without moving his position, the little darkey let go an uppercut and Bull went down. When he recovered consciousness he looked at the little fellow long and hard. Finally he said, "Dar's jest one thing I wants to know and dat's all, Mister Man, who is you anyway?"

Very solemnly the little darkey replied, "I'se de pusson you thought you was when you come in dat door."

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

A prominent preacher was much annoyed to find that an old gentleman who belonged to his church fell asleep on two consecutive Sundays. So, after service on the second Sunday, he told the little boy who accompanied the old gentleman that he wished to speak with him in the pastor's study. "My boy," said the minister, when they were closeted together, "who is that elderly gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the preacher, "if you only keep him awake during my sermon I will give you a nickel each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened at-

tentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him sound asleep.

The vexed preacher sent for the boy and said: "I am very angry with you. Didn't you get a promise for a nickel a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa gives me a dime not to disturb him."

IN DOUBT.

A colored man accused of stealing a watch was arraigned before the court. The judge was not convinced that he was guilty and said, "Sam, you are acquitted."

"Acquitted," repeated Sam doubtfully. "What do you mean, judge?"

"That's the sentence; you are acquitted."

Still looking somewhat confused, Sam said, "Judge, does you mean dat I have to give de watch back?"

QUICK THINKING.

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as his later years had been models of rectitude.

One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly: "Ah takes mah text dis morn-ing from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth

verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.' "

NAME PRO TEM.

"Erasmus Pro Tem Johnson, suh," was the name old man Bill Johnson had given his youngest son.

"But why the 'Pro Tem'?" he was asked by one of his friends.

He replied: "Well, suh, dat am to show the name am only temporary, suh. We figured as how Erasmus might want to choose his own name when he growed up, so we put in 'Pro Tem' as a warning to de public."

A WISE DECISION.

Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored washerwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time.

"Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again at your age."

"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as often as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

A LEGAL MARRIAGE.

In a small North Carolina town there lived years ago a justice of the peace who had never married a couple. An eloping couple applied to him to marry them in a hurry. Although he never had seen a marriage, he was self-assured and boldly waded in.

“Hats off in the presence of the court,” he said. “I swear you in first. Hold up yer right hands. Of course, all witnesses must be sworn. (This to the friend of the groom.) You, and each of you, solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s’elp you God? You, John Marvin, do solemnly swear to the best of your knowledge and belief you take this yere woman ter have and to hold fer yerself, yer heirs, exekyters, administrators, and assigns, fer you and their use and behoof forever?” When the answer, “I do,” had been properly given, the justice turned to the bride and said: “You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man fer yer husband, ter have and to hold ferever, and do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee simple, and are free from all incumbrance, and you have good right to sell, bargain, and convey to the said grantee yerself, yer heirs, yer administrators, and assigns?”

When the answer, “I do,” had been given by the bride, the justice said, “I prernounce you man an’ wife.”

FRIENDS.

“That man is one of my friends,” remarked the novice in public life.

“Which kind?” responded Senator Sorghum. “Friends, you know, are divided into two great classes—those whom you need and those who need you.”

THE LOST ART.

✓ She—"What interested you most in your travels, major?"

Major—"Well, the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way."

SUFFICIENTLY PUNISHED.

Judge (to lawyer)—"Mr. Sharp, are you to defend this prisoner?"

Lawyer—"I am, your Honor."

Judge—"And how much is he charged with stealing?"

Lawyer—"Fifty dollars, your Honor."

Judge—"Well, we'll let him go; he'll be punished enough anyhow."

Lawyer—"What do you mean, your Honor?"

Judge—"Why, by the time you get that fifty, and then he works out the other hundred you'll charge him, he'll be sorry enough he ever was dishonest."

COMPLIMENTARY.

It was a few days after the examination. The French class has just received their papers, and found them corrected with the usual method of H for honor, C for creditable, P for passed, and so on. To-day honors prevailed, and, accordingly, mademoiselle beamed. Tapping lightly on the desk with her pencil, she leaned toward them.

"My pupils," she cried joyfully, "ah, how you

have pleased me! Such encouragement! Quel plaisir! 'Fell, you are all on the road to H!"

HIS MOVE.

"You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor melodramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy."

"I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."

NOT RUNNING AMUCK.

A newspaper editor in a certain western town was expressing his pleasure over the latest exposure.

"Oh, it's fine the way newspapers are showing up all the dark places—fine—fine!" he exclaimed to a friend at lunch.

"I sincerely hope that when they've finished with secret rebates, beef trust, insurance, and Standard Oil," replied the latter, "that they'll finish the job by exposing the newspaper business."

"So do I," assented the editor instantly. "So do I! Why, here's our rival, the Citizen, right in this town. Its building stands on school land for which it pays one-fourth the rent anybody else pays, because it's the Citizen. It gets its fire insurance cheaper than anybody else, and gas, and water. Why? Simply because it's the Citizen."

"Have you facts?"

"Facts that would convict in court."

"Well, why don't you go ahead with an ex-

posure on your own account? It ought to be right in your line."

"Oh, fudge, we're on school land, too!"

CLOSE QUARTERS.

Anyone who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following:

"A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remembered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the fist of a fat fellow passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter. "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" snarled the little man. "Leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man.

"Scoundrel!" hissed the little one.

Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his paper.

"I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "if you fellows don't mind taking your hands out of my pocket."

AS AN INSPIRATION.

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an

ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card with the words:

“Keep your eye on this and do your best.”

MUDDLES.

The lecturer arose and said impressively, “Every time I see a young man coming out of a saloon I want to go right up to that young man and say, ‘Turn right around, young man, you’re going the wrong way.’ ”

A TIP TO THE BARBERS.

“Mama,” said little Elise, “do men ever go to heaven?”

“Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?”

“Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers.”

“Well,” said the mother, thoughtfully, “some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave.”

SHE HAD BUT TWO

In the absence of his wife and the illness of the servant, Mr. Taylor undertook to help three-year-old Marjory to dress.

He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the armholes of her garments and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself and he would button them.

He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why, Marjory," he said, impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Dey's all de foots I dot, papa," replied Marjory, tearfully.

HE WAS IT.

One afternoon the proprietor of an animal store said to his young clerk:

"Tom, I'm going upstairs to work on the books. If anyone comes in for a live animal let me know. You can attend to selling the stuffed animals yourself."

About half an hour later in came a gentleman with his son and asked Tom if he could show him a live monkey. To the customer's amazement, the clerk ran to the foot of the stairs and yelled:

"Come down, come down, sire; you're wanted!"

ONE BED FOR ALL.

A group of drummers were trading yarns on the subject of hospitality, when one, a little Virginian with humorous eyes and a delightful drawl, took up his parable thus:

"I was down in Louisiana last month travelin' cross country with S. J. Carey, when we kinder got lost in a mighty lonesome sort of road just about dark. We rode along a right good piece after sundown, and when we saw a light ahead, I tell you it

looked first-rate. We drove up to the light, finding 'twas a house, and when I hollered like a lost calf, the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, then said, 'Wal, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in, and found 'twas only a two-room shanty and just swarming with children. He had six, from four to eleven years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me an' Stony was wonderin' what in thunder would become of us.

"They gave us supper, good hoe and hominy, the best they had, and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed, and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor the old folk went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and bein' powerful tired out, we did.

"Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids, and the old man and the old woman had the bed."

THE LAZY PALEFACE.

According to a well-known railroad man, interested in construction in the West, the Indian, who himself is not overly fond of work, evinces the greatest contempt for the indolent white man. To sit by and watch the latter toil is to the red man a source of never-failing pleasure.

A number of Blackfeet in Montana were, ac-

according to this railroad man, one day squatting on the ground watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch line in that State. In their laconic fashion they were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a surveyor, riding on a bicycle, the first the Indians had ever seen, came along. He had left the train at the last station and was going to the fort, a little farther on.

The Blackfeet watched the wheelman without a word until he had passed beyond a hill. Then they expressed their sentiments with regard to him.

"Ugh!" grunted one, "white men heap lazy."

"Yes," assented another, "white man heap lazy. Sit down and walk."

SHE GAVE HIM HOPE.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Rev. Charles G. Finney, president of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in Boston. One day a gentleman called to see him on business, and was admitted by Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old.

"Is your father in?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the demure maiden; "but walk in, poor, dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

HE HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

He was ten years old and had gone to the dentist's to get one of the last of his "milk teeth" extracted. It was not a difficult job, and the little

fellow never whimpered. Instead, he said to the dentist, when the operation was over:

"Well, we made a good job of that, didn't we?"

"We?" replied the dentist. "Why do you say 'we'? What did you do?"

"Why, I held the socket while you pulled the tooth, didn't I?"

WHAT'S THE USE?

✓ "Do you say your prayers in the morning or at night?" asked Ted.

"At night, of course," answered Rob. "Anybody can take care of themselves in the daytime."

AN UNFAIR WAY.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, has been talking about the various methods in use at the mines for weighing coal. Of one method, a method of the past, he said:

"This method was long ago abandoned on account of its unfairness. It was most unfair. The fist and pound method, in fact, was scarcely worse.

"The fist and pound method originated, they say, in Scranton. A simple-minded old lady ran a grocery store there. A man came in one day and asked for a pound of bacon. The old lady cut off a generous chunk of bacon, and then, going to weigh it, found that she had mislaid her pound weight.

" 'Dear me,' she said, 'I can't find my pound weight anywhere.'

"The man, seeing that there was about two pounds in the chunk cut off, said hastily:

“ ‘Never mind. My fist weighs a pound.’

“And he put the bacon on one side of the scales and his fist on the other. The two, of course, just balanced.

“ ‘It looks kind o’ large for a pound, don’t it?’ asked the old lady as she wrapped the bacon up.

“ ‘It does look large,’ said the man, as he tucked the meat under his arm. ‘Still——’

“But just then the old lady found her pound weight.

“ ‘Ah,’ she said in a relieved voice, ‘now we can prove this business. Put it on here again.’

“But the man wisely refrained from putting the bacon on the scales to be tested. He put on his fist again instead. And his fist, you may be sure, just balanced the pound weight.

“The old lady was much pleased.

“ ‘Well done,’ she said, ‘and here’s a couple o’ red herrin’ for yer skill and honesty.’ ”

PROFESSIONAL.

One morning when Rufus Choate, the lawyer, was still in England his clerk informed him that a gentleman had called and wanted him to undertake a case.

“Ah! and did you collect the regular retaining fee?”

“I only collected twenty-five guineas, sir.”

The regular fee was fifty guineas, and Mr. Choate said:

“But that was unprofessional; yes, very unprofessional!”

"But, sir," said the clerk, apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, "I got all he had."

"Ah!" said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, "that was professional; yes, quite professional."

FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.

George Gould was addressing a delegation of railroad brakemen. In the course of an exceedingly interesting speech he said:

"On the English railways the coaches are cut up into a number of small rooms, or compartments. The passengers are isolated in these compartments. Sometimes, indeed, they are locked in. Their only means of communication with the brakeman is an electric bell which must never be rung save in an emergency or crisis. This bell always stops the train and creates immense confusion and alarm.

"It is a poor system. It is an old-fashioned system that often causes trouble.

"An old lady, very near-sighted, got into a carriage one day in which a boy sat. She and the boy had the compartment to themselves. The train started, the old lady looked about her, and, spying the bell, she said to the boy:

" 'Young chap, I ain't used to railroads; what's that there bell for?'

"The boy smiled maliciously.

" 'That's to ring when you want something to eat,' he said. 'The road provides lunch.'

"The old lady nodded. A half hour or so went by. Then she leaned forward and rang the bell.

" 'Instantly the brakes ground down upon the wheels. The locomotive whistled. The train stopped so suddenly that many people were thrown forward to the floor. There were shrieks. Windows were lowered and heads protruded. Guards ran from carriage to carriage.

"Finally, a guard approached the old lady's carriage.

" 'Who rang that bell?' he shouted as he ran along.

" 'I did, young man,' said the old lady.

" 'Well, what do you want?' he asked.

"She thought a little while. Then she said, calmly:

" 'I think you might bring me some chicken sandwiches and a bottle of rootbeer.' "

HE WON HIS CASE.

An Irishman had to go to law, and in consultation with his counsel he was told that he had a good fighting chance. Paddy, who was anxious to win the case, was meditative for a moment, and then he said:

"Do you think it would be any good to send the judge a pair of ducks?"

"No, no; you mustn't do that," said his lawyer. "If you send him a pair of ducks he will be sure to decide the case against you."

A day or so later the case was heard, and Paddy

won with flying colors. In the course of the congratulations Paddy remarked:

"It was just as well I sent the judge them ducks."

"What!" exclaimed the counsel. "did you send the ducks?"

"Yes," said Paddy, quite pleased with himself; "but after what you said I sent them from the man on the other side."

CHALKING UP A RACE.

Two Irishmen were about to run a race to a certain tree by different routes. Suddenly Mike slapped Pat on the back and asked how they were to tell who reached the destination first. After a moment's thought Pat answered:

"I tell yez, Mike, if I get there first I'll make a mark on that tree with this chalk, and if you get there first you can rub it out."

PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

A large, slouchy colored man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels, and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his mirth.

As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him.

"Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"

"No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."

UNSIGHT, UNSEEN.

Secretary Shaw recently told a story on Representative Smith, of Iowa, when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in a criminal court of Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the judge who presided.

"I have none," responded the prisoner.

"Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money to pay a lawyer."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your Honor."

"There is Mr. Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the courtroom, and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said, "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."

THREE GOOD DEEDS.

"My good man," said the professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason for your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman. "I hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three good deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three good deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathadral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, crying thot hard it would melt the heart av a sthone. I asked her phat could be the matther. She answered thot for the want av tharee dollars to pay the fees she could not get the child baptized, an' it was sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt thot bad for her I pulled out the only tin dollars I had, and tould her to go and get the child baptized and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicin' and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me me change, and went away hapin' blessin's on me head. Now ain't thot enough?"

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others?" said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried a widow's tears—thot's wan; I saved a soul from purgatory—thot's two; and lastly, I got sivin good dollars for a bad tin, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to plase."

A PREMIUM ON COWARDICE.

✓ Several darkies stood on a street corner gossiping. The discussion turned to a question of personal bravery.

Jim Judd was the principal expounder along the

line of heroic conduct. Unfortunately, Jim's reputation for courage was not without serious flaws. Tiring of his talk, one of the listeners sneeringly said:

"Wha' yo' talkin' 'bout, Jim? Yo' de bigges' coward in dis town."

Jim turned on his accuser, unutterable scorn in his voice:

"Yas, dat's so. But I'd rudder heah dem say: 'Watch dat niggah run!' dan 'Don' he look natch'al?' "

SYMPATHETIC.

The teacher was trying to explain to his scholars the term "accidental death" and said, "If in passing over a rotten bridge I tumble into the river and am drowned, what would you call that?"

"We would call that a holiday for the next day."

KNEW THE PLACES.

In the days of his youth, befo' de wah, it had been the privilege of Uncle Eph Slater to attend his master, as body-servant, upon several extended journeys. In his later years the old man's recollections of his travels became his dearest possession, and he never tired of relating his experiences to anyone who would listen. To mention the name of another town or locality was enough to start him on his reminiscences, and so jealous did he grow of his reputation as a traveler that he always declared he had visited the place in question whether

he had or not. It is probable that his ideas as to what he had or had not seen were very vague.

One day an acquaintance, Deacon Thompson, met Uncle Eph on the street and told him of the arrival in the village of the new schoolma'am whose acquirements, he had heard, were of a high order.

"Hm," said Uncle Eph, "yeh don' say; yeh don' say. I wunner now hez de young lady had much trabbel?"

"I don' no 'bout dat," replied the deacon, "but my Lize tells me she dun been troo buttony, alger bar, 'n' Latin."

"Uh-huh!" said Uncle Eph, reflectively, and not in the least nonplussed. "I riccolicks dem little places, foh sho'; but it was night w'en we passed troo 'em, an' Marse Richard he 'lowed it wuzn't wuth while stoppin' off."

A CHURCH MEETING.

The pastor had usually been granted an annual vacation of one month, but this year his friends in the church believed that he needed a two months' rest, and the matter was being considered at a church meeting, where it became evident that those who favored the extension of the time were in a large majority.

After considerable discussion, Deacon Smith rose to speak. "Brethren," he said, "you all know my feelings about this matter. Believing, as I do, in the necessity of thorough church work, I am op-

posed to closing our place of worship or to the interruption for any length of time of the regular routine. I would, however, suggest, as it seems to be the will of the majority that our pastor be given a vacation of two months, that in order the least harm may come from his prolonged absence, that we find out when the devil is going to take his vacation and have the pastor take his at the same time. I move that a committee be appointed to secure the necessary information."

The motion was not seconded.

BAPTISTS NEED WATCHING.

Hal Reid, the celebrated story-teller, gives the following account of a sermon he heard in a Kentucky sanctuary from the lips of an eloquent colored Baptist divine, who was known in that vicinity as Brother Jason. Mr. Reid makes the report under oath, and the narrative is worthy of more or less credence. Brother Jason, seeing that he was with his people, talked thus:

"Brer's an' Sisteren, I gotter grate good news disser mawnin'. I dun hadder dream dat I dun gotter hebbin.'" (Sister Dilsey in the amen corner, "Praise Gord.")

"Yasser, I dun hadder dream dat I dun got to hebbin, an' whenst I got dar I witnessed many sights. I look 'way ober to de norf, an' I see 'way ober in the norf all de Mefodists, in de norf, 'way off from de throne.'" ("Glory!" from the congregation.)

“Yasser, an’ I look ’way ober to de east, an’ see all de Presbuterians ober in de east, ’way off from de throne.” (“Ain’t I glad we’s Baptist!” voices in the multitude.)

“Yasser! an’ I look ’way down younder to de souf, and see all de Camelites, down in the souf, ’way off from de throne.” (“De Baptist! Baptist!! Baptist!! Where’s de Baptist?” the congregation.)

“Yasser, an’ I look ’way ober to de west an’ I see all de Calf licks way ober in de west, ’way off from de throne. An’ I look at de throne, and whatter do you reckon I see on de throne? Nuffin’, brers and sisters, nuffin’ but Baptist, desser covered wid Baptist.” (“Glory! Amen! Bress Gord!” from a devout sister.)

“Yasser! An’ I ax de Lawd why he hab all de Baptist on de throne, and de Lawd say—”(“What, brer? What?” from the congregation.)

“He say de Baptist sich onreliable raskals he hab to keep ’em wha’ he kin git his hans on ’em.”

ANSWERED IN ADVANCE.

✓ Ethel, one of New Hampshire’s seven-year-old daughters, is devoted to the birds. She was enraged at her older brother, whose keenest enjoyment seemed to be to trap them. She pleaded with him and scolded him, but all to no effect. So Ethel took a new tack.

When prayer time came the other evening her mother heard this final petition added to those which dealt directly with the material and spiritual

welfare of the family: "An', dear God, please smash all Willie's nasty traps, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"Ethel, dear," said her mother seriously, "do you really think that last is a nice thing to ask God to do? Do you expect him to do such a thing as that?"

Ethel smiled beamingly and answered: "Oh, that'll be all right, muzzer. Jes' before I comed upstairs I smashed 'em all my own self."

THE LIMIT.

A rich man out in the suburbs who owns a large place has among the many people employed to keep it in shape an Irishman of whom he is particularly fond, on account of his unconscious wit. This Irishman is something of a hard drinker, and, as his income is limited, he is more particular as regards the quantity than the quality of his liquids. The other day the employer, who had been awaiting a good opportunity, remarked in a kind tone, as the closing sentence of a friendly lecture:

"Now, Pat, how long do you think you can keep on drinking this cheap whiskey?"

To which Pat instantly replied:

"All my life if it doesn't kill me."

SENTIMENT SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

In a recent political fight the reform organization in one division enlisted half a dozen Negroes as workers. One of the men was particularly zealous, but it was suspected that he was prepared to dis-

pose of his vote to the side which bid the highest for it.

"Well," said a reform leader to the Negro the day after the machine had held a parade, "I saw you in line last night."

"Yas, sah; yas, sah," replied the Negro sheepishly. "Ah needed de money, sah."

"Do I understand that your political sentiments are subject to change?"

"Well, sah," said the darkey, "a little change cuts a po'erful figger with my sentiments on election day—yas, sah."

HARD TO BE IDENTIFIED.

A stranger came into an Augusta bank the other day and presented a check for which he wanted the equivalent in cash.

"Have to be identified," said the clerk.

The stranger took a bunch of letters from his pocket, all addressed to the same name as that on the check.

The clerk shook his head.

The man thought a minute and pulled out his watch, which bore the name on its inside cover.

Clerk hardly glanced at it.

The man dug into his pockets and found one of those "If-I-should-die-to-night-please-notify-my-wife" cards, and called the clerk's attention to the description, which fitted to a T.

But the clerk was still obdurate.

"Those things don't prove anything," he said.

"We've got to have the word of a man that we know."

"But, man, I've given you an identification that would convict me of murder in any court in the land."

"That's probably very true," responded the clerk, patiently, "but in matters connected with the bank we have to be more careful."

PINCHED THE WRONG KNEE.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury was for many years fearful of a stroke of paralysis.

Seated at the right of Countess T—— at a brilliant banquet, he startled the guests by arising and remarking:

"Brethren, it has come at last—that which I have feared for forty years—a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching my knee for the last twenty minutes and can't find the least sensation there."

"Pardon me," said the Countess, "but it was my knee that you were pinching."

OUT OF DANGER.

Doctor Whipple, long bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects unguarded in the lodge.

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."

MA'S WAY.

Little Lola, aged five, upon being shown her twin brothers that had arrived the night before, said:

"Well, I never saw such a woman as mamma is for hunting up bargains."

WAS WELL FIXED.

One of the churches in a little western town is so fortunate as to have a young woman as its pastor. She was called to the door of the parsonage one day and saw there a much-embarrassed young farmer of the German type.

"Dey said der minister lifed in dis house," he said.

"Yes," replied the fair pastor.

"Vell—m—I vant to kit merrit!"

"To get married? Very well, I can marry you," said the ministress encouragingly.

"Oh, but I got a girl alreaty," was the disconcerting reply.

THE NOTABLE MRS. NOAH.

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place, and glued together the connecting pages.

In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits

wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out."

After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the congregation and said:

"My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

ONE ON THE BOARDER.

A New Yorker, who is accustomed each year to pass a few weeks with a farmer in Dutchess County, says that once in notifying the latter of his intention to make the usual visit, he wrote as follows:

"There are several little matters that I should like to see changed if my family and I decide to spend our vacation at your house. We don't like the girl Martha. And in the second place, we do not think that it is sanitary to have a pig-sty so near the house."

In reply the farmer said: "Martha went last week. We ain't had no hogs since you were here last September."

FORTUNATE.

A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as "Wild Bill," was recently tried before a Federal court in Georgia, and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record, and at last

informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unmixed pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the Federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth, and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside, the only thing he said was this:

“Well, I suah am glad he wa’n’t mad at me!”

A WISE PRECAUTION.

Little Ethel—“Mamma, don’t people ever get punished for telling the truth?”

Mamma—“No, dear, why do you ask?”

Little Ethel—“ ’Cause I just tooked the last three tarts in the pantry and I thought I’d better tell you.”

GET THEIR EYES OPEN.

A Democratic mass meeting in the campaign of 1904 was attended by a small boy, who had four young puppies for sale. A man, approaching the boy, asked, “Are these Parker pups, my son?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, then,” said he, “I’ll take these two.”

About a week afterward the Republicans held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was the boy and his two remaining pups. He was approached by a Republican and asked, “What kind of pups are these you have?” “They’re Roosevelt pups, sir.”

The Democrat who had purchased the first two

happened to be in hearing and broke out at the boy, "See here, you rascal, didn't you tell me last week that these were Parker pups?" "They were Parker pups last week," said the boy, "but now they've got their eyes open "

HIS ONLY SOLUTION.

✓ Under a tall sycamore in an old-fashioned New England graveyard lie the bones of a once-distinguished lawyer. His grave is marked only with a plain headstone containing his name and this epitaph:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

An Irishman invaded the burying-place one day and, after reading the epitaph a second time, remarked:

"There must be two men in that grave."

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

Bridget had been going out a great deal, and her husband Mike was displeased. "Bridget, where do ye spend yer toime nights? Ye're out iv'ry avenin' fur two weeks," he said.

"Shut up, Mike! I'm gettin' an edication," she answered.

"An' phwat are ye learnin'?" said her indignant husband.

"Why, to-night we learned about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation!" said Michael. "What's that?"

"Why, I can't explain; but, fur instance, if the

sense of smell is poor, the sense of thaste is all the sharper, and if yez are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully, "I see it's loike this. Fur instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

JOSHUA, THE WONDER-WORKER.

Judge Emory Speer, who presides with grace, dignity, and ability in the United States Court for the Southern District of Georgia, has a fund of humor that not infrequently manifests itself upon the bench. Occasionally, some old darky of the ante-bellum type is before him for an offense, and usually there follows a dialogue that causes a smile around the courtroom.

Illicit distilling is not so prevalent in Judge Speer's district as it formerly was, but it is not infrequently the case that a distiller of "mountain dew" appears before him to have sentence passed. One such offender recently was Joshua King, an old Negro. Joshua had been caught in the act by the revenue officers, and there was nothing for him to do save plead guilty.

Shambling before the bar of justice, the old Negro awaited the judgment of the court. His Honor regarded the old darky for a moment, as though deliberating what punishment should be meted out to him. Then, as though his memory had finally solved a point upon which it had been at fault, the judge said: "Joshua, Joshua: why, Joshua,

you are the man who made the sun stand still, aren't you?"

Joshua's Biblical education, unlike that of most darkies of his class, had been neglected. "No, sir, judge, please yo' Honor," he said; "I'se de man what made de moonshine."

DOCTOR AND HEARSE.

✓ A Washington physician was recently walking on Connecticut Avenue with his five-year-old son, when they were obliged to stop at a side street to await the passing of a funeral procession.

The youngster had never seen anything of the kind. His eyes widened. Pointing to the hearse, he asked, "Dad, what's that?"

"That, my son," said the physician, with a grim smile, "is a mistaken diagnosis."

EVERYBODY PAY UP.

A Negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis church, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise;

a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, an a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."

THE MAJESTY OF THE FAMILY.

Everyone who has lived South knows that peculiar brand of loyalty among old servants that expresses itself in a profound conviction that their family is the "fust family." Consequently every Southern town and city is still full of "fust families."

This particular "fust family" was making its annual pilgrimage to the White Sulphur Springs, the great coach laden with children and trunks as well as the mistress, with her nearest and dearest relatives. Old Simon, mindful of the glory of his house, and filled with the all-powerful dignity of an old retainer, drove the fat coach horses and admonished his small charges, who, wedged in beside him on the box, crowded to desperation.

His master rode on horseback a little distance behind the coach, and, as they approached a railroad crossing, was astonished to see Simon drive calmly before a passing train, which hurled the coach one way, horses another, and family and trunks in all directions. Galloping up he called to his coachman:

"Simon, you old nigger, didn't you see that train coming?"

"Yassuh."

"You saw it coming, and deliberately drove upon the track? What made you do such a crazy thing?"

"Well, you see, Marse George," explained that bewildered individual, scratching his gray wool, "Ah thought when dey see it's we-all's ka'idge, dey'd stop."

RATTLED.

* He had been told that he might "ask papa," and he had planned to do so in these words:

"I dare say that you know, Mr. Rocks, that I have been paying your daughter Madge marked attention of late, and now I have come to ask her hand in marriage. I know that I am a poor man, but I am an honorable one, and I am not afraid to work. We are willing to fight the battle of life as bride and groom, pilgrims of life, together. I love your daughter devotedly, and I have come to ask your consent to make her my wife."

That sounded all right when he read it for the fiftieth time from the sheet of paper on which he had written it; but this was what he really said when he stood before Mr. Rocks, with his teeth chattering and beads of cold perspiration on his brow:

"I—I—dare say that—that is, Mr. Rocks, I—I—your daughter Madge has been paying me marked attention—er, no, I have been paying her marked attention, and I—I—we are willing to fight—or the battle of life—I mean that your daughter seeks

my hand in marriage, er, no, I—I—seek her hand in marriage and—and—I love you—or no, your daughter I mean she—she—that is, I—I—have come to ask your consent to be my wife—that is, I—love you devotedly—your daughter I mean—she loves me devotedly—no, I mean that I love her—and she—she—I trust I make my meaning clear, sir.”

DEFINED.

“You have a model husband,” said the lady who was congratulating the bride.

The next day the bride bethought her to look up the word “model” in the dictionary, and this is what she found: “Model: A small imitation of the real thing.”

MEETING TEMPTATIONS HALF-WAY.

Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river, owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely.

“But I was tempted so badly, mother,” said Tommy. “That’s all very well. But how’d you come to have your bathing suit with you?”

Tommy paused, and then said:

“Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted.”

GRATITUDE.

Thief (acquitted of stealing a watch, to his advocate)—“I thank you, sir, from the bottom of my

heart. I have no money to pay you; but here is the watch; take it; it is the best I can do for you, and I may have another job for you soon."

COMFORTING.

A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon, she left the household in charge of her eight-year-old boy. Before her return a thunderstorm came up. The youngster forgot the chicks during the storm, and was dismayed, after it passed, to find that half of them had been drowned. Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought best to make a clean breast of the calamity, rather than leave it to be discovered.

"Mamma," he said contritely, when his mother had returned—"Mamma, six of the chickens are dead."

"Dead!" cried his mother. "Six! How did they die?"

The boy saw his chance.

"I think—I think they died happy," he said.

HER IDEA OF REMEMBRANCE.

A Southern man tells of a conversation he overheard between his cook and a maid, both Negroes, with reference to a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which funeral there had been a profusion of floral tributes. Said the cook:

"Dat's all very well, Mandy; but when I dies, I don't want no flowers on my grave; jes' plant a good

old watermelon vine; an' when she gits ripe, you come dar, an' don't you eat it, but just bust it on de grave, an' let de good old juice dribble down thro' de ground!"

MARRIED?

- ✓ Judge Black, a justice of the peace in Oklahoma, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple of Guthrie.

The judge, who until a short time before had gained his legal knowledge in a neighboring State, where ministers officially officiate on such occasions, was at a loss to know how to proceed. However, he arose to the occasion. Commanding the couple to stand up, he directed that they be sworn in the following terms:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will obey the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Territory of Oklahoma, and perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God?"

The couple nodded assent. Then, continued the judge, "By the power in me vested by the strong arm of the law I pronounce you man and wife, now, henceforth, and forever, and you will stand committed until the fines and costs are paid, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

A colored preacher, when asked to define perseverance, said: "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly, to nebber leave go."

WHY SHE SANG THE HYMN.

A well-known bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town, where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

He was awakened quite early by the tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, law," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."

COULDN'T GET AT IT.

An Irishman who had just united with the Catholic church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out and be a good man."

"I can't, sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

THE NAVY?

A colored Methodist preacher asked a friend why he didn't join the army of the Lord.

"I has—I belongs to the Baptist church."

"Dat ain't de army; dat's de navy!"

NOBODY LOST?

Sand Bar Ferry, near Augusta, Georgia, is a flatboat affair, frail and rickety. Two timid ladies, hesitating to cross, plied the Negro boatman with questions about it.

"And are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" they demanded.

"No, missus," replied the ferryman. "No one ain't never been lost here. Marse Jake Bristow done got spilled out and drowned last week, but dey found him again next day. We ain't never lost nobody, no ma'am."

THE ETERNAL LOTTERY.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, tells an amusing instance of the Negro's attitude toward matrimony.

A darkey clergyman in the State named had married two Negroes; and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Five dollahs is a lot o' money, pahson," said the groom. "Ah'll give yo' two dollars, and den ef

ah fins ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a monf."

In the stipulated time the groom returned. "Pahson," said he, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' spec'lashum, an' ah reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgers that yo' owes me a dollah an' seventy-five cents."

HIS FAVORITE PARABLE.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied:

"I guess I like that one where somebody loafes and fishes."

WHAT WOULD YOU INFER?

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut valley town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked:

"Rev. ———, of the senior class at Yale Semi-

nary, supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

HIS ATTORNEY.

A man arrested for murder was assigned a shyster whose crude appearance caused the unfortunate prisoner to ask the judge:

"Is this my lawyer?"

"Yes," replied his Honor.

"Is he going to defend me?"

"Yes."

"If he should die, could I have another?"

"Yes."

"Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"

MERELY NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.

The sexton of a "swell colored church" in Richmond was closing the windows one blustery Sunday morning during service when he was beckoned to the side of a young Negress, the widow of a certain Thomas.

"Why is yo' shettin' dose winders, Mr. Jones?" she demanded in a hoarse whisper. "De air in dis church is suff'catin' now!"

"It's de minister's orders," replied the sexton, obstinately. "It's a cold day, Mis' Thomas, an' we ain't goin' to take no chance on losin' any o' de lambs of dis fold while dere's a big debt overhangin' dis church."

HIS ADVANTAGE.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS.

The inspector in an English school asked the boys he was examining, "Can you take your warm overcoat off?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir." "Why not?" There was silence for a while, and then a little boy spoke up, "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

NOT HIS FAULT.

A first-grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked his father.

"Teacher's fault," replied the boy.

"How is it the teacher's fault?"

"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."

CORRECT.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner in New York he asked an applicant for a position on the force:

"If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?"

"Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.

REVERSED HIMSELF.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded his employer, when the office-boy came in half an hour late.

"The ice on the pavements," said the lad. "Every step I took I slipped back two."

"You did, eh? Then how did you ever get here?"

"I started back home."

CHEERING.

Mother (in a very low voice)—"Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?"

Tommy (in an earnest voice)—"Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"

IN HER FAVOR.

First Little Girl—"Your papa and mamma are not real parents. They adopted you."

Second Little Girl—"Well, that makes it all the more satisfactory. My parents picked me out, and yours had to take you just as you came."

SURE SIGN.

One day a teacher was having first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'em, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke."

THE PEACEMAKER.

"What are you running for, sonny?" asked the village grocer.

Boy: "I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

"Who are the fellows?"

"Bill Perkins and me!"

HAD HER OWN.

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked.

The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"

HE KNEW.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darkey who was to be the next witness.

"Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollars for to swear to suffin'. Dat's de value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah." And then there was consternation in the courtroom.

HIS FUTURE OCCUPATION.

✓ "What business is papa in, mamma?"

"Why, he is a tea sampler: he samples the different kinds of teas."

"Mamma."

"Yes, my boy."

"Do you know what I want to be when I grow up?"

"No. What, my boy?"

"A pie sampler!"

A BOOTLESS ARGUMENT.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car and said with a show of irritation, "Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke in this car?" "Well, Oi'm not smoking." "You've got a pipe in your mouth." "So Oi have me feet in me boots," replied Pat, "but Oi'm not walking."

HER WAY.

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice.

"Well," said Alice between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

HE KNEW.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."

FAME.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral."

"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, surr, 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.

A YOUTHFUL EXPERIMENT.

"What on earth are you doing with that little watering can, Tom?"

"Spwinkling the baby's head so his hair'll sprout."

AIMED AT HIM.

A gentleman who was buying a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim asked him, in making the purchase, if it was a tame turkey.

"Oh, yais, sir; its a tame tu'key all right."

"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"

"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame tu'key all right."

He consequently bought the turkey, and a day

or two later, when eating it, came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said, "Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."

"Oh, dat war a tame tu'key all right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder; "but de fac' is, boss, I'se gwine to tell yer in confidence dat dem 'ere shot was intended for me."

AND THEN THE FUN BEGAN.

Wife—"Be sure and advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers:

"Lost—A mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."

THE CANNY SCOT.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thocht as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English

tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna' pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna' swim the Atlantic."

YES?

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come; this is no amateur performance."

SOMETIMES TRUE.

On leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, the pastor of a church in Brooklyn saw a little boy, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was he saying to you, Dick?" asked the divine as he came up to the youngster.

"He just wanted to know whether Dr. Blank was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," responded the lad, with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance."

GLAD HE STOPPED PRAYING.

Little Bob, who for some months had invariably ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he

was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterward he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Bob looked at the two babies critically, and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying, or there'd been three of them."

Do You?

A gentleman met his medical adviser on the street the other day and passed a friendly greeting.

"Well, and how are you?" asked the doctor.

"Quite passable, thanks," said the other, "but I notice that when I bend my body forward, stretch out my arms horizontally, and impart to them a circular motion, I always feel such a pain in my left shoulder."

"But what need is there for you to perform such ridiculous antics?" inquired the physician.

"Do you know any other way, doctor, of getting on your top-coat?" replied his patient.

AUNT MAHALY'S EXPEDIENT.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pensioner of her family.

"No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en' Verbena

got such black laigs dat de holes won't show no-how, en' dem chilluns what got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time; en' you knows, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockings ain't gwine hit de same places."

MR. GREEN'S WATERLOO.

Mr. Green had been paying four dollars a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to five dollars."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do now to eat four dollars' worth."

A NON-CONDUCTOR

A teacher in an East-side school was trying to explain some of the simpler phenomena of electricity, and at the close of her little lecture she asked sweetly, "Now, can any of you children give me the name of some non-conductor and tell us about it in a few words so that we can all understand?"

A sharp-eyed street urchin jumped up and down in his seat waving his grimy paw frantically. "I kin, teacher!" he exclaimed. "Billy Hogan's old

man is one. They was a spotter on his car seen him knock down a fare. Old Hogan's a non-conductor ever since."

A DEFINITE DATE.

During the money stringency lately a certain real-estate man, having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue. The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech. Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant. The proprietor, noticing his smile, said: "Well, what luck did you have?" and the clerk answered, "Purty good."

"Well, did anybody pay you?"

"Yaas, Smith he pay, and Yones he say he pay in Yanuary."

"Are you sure Jones said he would pay in January? He never before has made any such promises."

"Vell, I tank so. He say it bane a dam col' day when you get dot money, and I tank dat bane in Yanuary."

AN EPIDEMIC.

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man who arrives writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write

"ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.

THE RUGGED EDGE.

Peripatetic Peter went for two days with almost nothing to eat before he struck a farmhouse near Newark, New Jersey, where a reluctant housewife at last handed him out a big, square sandwich of hard ham and stale bread. A little while later a companion found him writhing in pain upon a convenient hayrick.

"Wha's de trouble, Pete?" he inquired.

"De hardest luck ever," was Pete's reply, "I've just had a square meal—an' de corners are scratchin' me!"

NOT JUST WHAT HE EXPECTED.

As the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the cab-driver's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman, with humility, "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished, to reappear a moment later.

"Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the

man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills, you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

✓ "Yes, suh," said Brother Dickey, "my race what wants to live in Illinois kin go dar, how an' w'en dey likes, but ez fur me, I'll stay whar I is—mongst de folks I raise an' bo'n wid, an' ef I is lynched, please God, I'll be lynched by my fren's!"

EVIDENCE TO FIT.

When John J. Barrett was new at the San Francisco bar two Chinamen entered his office and retained him to help prosecute "one velly bad man, Jim Hing."

Having locked the retainer in the safe, Mr. Barrett inquired what Jim Hing had done.

"Him velly bad man," the spokesman replied. "Jim Hing kill he wife. He live same alleyway, 'closs the stleet. Me—my blother—both look out window 'closs alleyway, see Jim Hing stabbee wife. She die light away. He lun. You hang Jim Hing?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Barrett. "But you must tell the police just what you saw."

"Jim Hing kill wife—" they began, when the lawyer interrupted: "Yes, yes, I know; but when you first saw Jim was the knife up high or down low?"

"Hoong yeh goyamen zoon fah goon quuong gey yoola—" the Chinamen began jabbering and sing-

ing at each other, when Mr. Barrett again interrupted:

"Answer me truthfully. Stop consulting. Was the knife up high or down low?"

The elder Chinaman looked puzzled. Restraining the impulse to consult his brother again, he turned a guileless stare on Mr. Barrett.

"Which you think best?" he replied.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles, and the ones that don't are the 'dead.' "

FELICITOUS.

An Iowa man says that, shortly after the election of a governor of that State some years ago, the governor paid an official visit to the State Prison, in the course of which he was ushered into the chapel where the convicts were assembled in a body.

Before the governor could realize what was going on, the chaplain had presented him to the company, with the remark that he would doubtless have something to say.

"But, my dear sir," whispered the startled governor, "I haven't anything to say, and I couldn't

say it if I had! You know what a wretched speaker I am!"

The chaplain could only reply, "I beg your pardon, sir, for being so premature, but as I have committed you so decidedly, I see no way out of it, and feel confident that you will not mind addressing a few remarks to the men."

Whereupon, with a sigh of apprehension, the governor delivered himself as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen!—No, no, I don't mean that—gentlemen and fellow citizens! No, I don't exactly mean that either—but—but—well, men and fellow prisoners, I can't make a speech; I—I don't know how to make a speech—and so—so—well, about all I can say, is that—that I'm very glad to see so many of you here!"

EVIDENCE LACKING.

Master—"What part of speech is the word 'egg'?"

Boy—"Noun, sir."

Master—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy—(perplexed)—"Can't tell, sir."

Master—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy (looking sharp)—"Can't tell, sir, till it's hatched."

PLENTY OF TIME.

A minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no

ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked, "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht."

A BUSINESS FORECAST.

A doctor who passed as a bit of a wag stopped outside the yard of a stonemason one morning for a chat. "Good morning. How's business?" said the doctor. "I suppose when you hear that someone is ill you get ready for eventualities, though, of course, you never go beyond the words, 'In memory of'."

"Well, that all depends," replied the old chap. "You see, if you be a-doctoring of the patient I goes straight on."

HE KNEW.

A school teacher was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

After a pause, a small voice piped forth:

"Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

NO DISAPPOINTMENT HERE.

A man who had been convicted of stealing was brought before a certain "down-east" judge, well known for his tender-heartedness, to be sentenced.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears:

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his Honor, consolingly; "you're going to be now."

SUSPICION.

The Widow (at the washtub, to suitor)—"Is yo' sho' yo' lubs me?"

Sammy—"Co'se I's sho'."

The Widow (suspiciously)—"Yo' ain't los' yo'r job, is yo'?"

A CALAMITOUS CATASTROPHE.

Master—"I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead."

Patrick—"Faith an' it is a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

EMBARRASSING.

A colored woman of Alexandria, Virginia, was on trial before a magistrate of the town charged with inhuman treatment of her offspring. Evidence was clear that the woman had severely beaten the

youngster, aged some nine years, who was in court to exhibit his battered condition.

Before imposing sentence, his Honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say.

“Kin I ask yo’ Honah a question?” inquired the prisoner.

The judge nodded affirmatively.

“Well, then yo’ Honah, I’d like to ask yo’ whether yo’ was ever the parent of a puffectly wuthless collud chile?”

MERELY PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

“They tell me you are working hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushing your husband about, Mrs. Robinson.”

“Yes. The magistrate said if I came before him again he’d fine me forty shillings.”

“And so you’re working hard to keep out of mischief?”

“What?—I’m working hard to save up the fine.”

COULDN’T ACCOUNT FOR IT.

Mrs. Goggs—“What do you think ails my husband, doctor?”

Physician—“Well, as a matter of fact, his complaint is hereditary. He has—”

Mrs. Goggs—“That’s queer; I’m sure I can’t imagine where he could have caught it. There hasn’t been a case of hereditary in the neighborhood since we moved here—and that’s been nearly a year.”

PURE MILK.

A city man took a house in the country for the summer. He sought out a farmer at once, looked over the cows on the farm, found them to his liking, and said:

"My servant will come to you every morning for a quart of milk."

"All right," said the farmer, "it will be eight cents."

"But it must be pure milk, mind," said the city man; "absolutely pure."

"In that case it will cost you ten cents."

"Very good. And you will milk the quart from the cow in my servant's presence?"

"Yes—for fifteen cents."

WHY SHE DECLINED.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the Zoo if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons."

"Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."

BUSINESS LETTER?

✓ The following was written to a Tokyo business man by one of his clerks requesting a few more days' holiday because of sickness:

"Honored Sir: Having been amputated from my family for several months, and as I have complaints

of the abdomen, coupled with great conflagration of the internals, with entire prostration from all desire to work, I beg to be excused from orderly work for ten or nine more days, and in duty bound I will pray for the salubrity of your temper and the enlargement of your family.

NOT BAD.

- ✓ A boy was asked to explain the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. "If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it, but we've got reason, so we have to study ourselves 'most blind or be a fool."

PREPARED.

- ✓ Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner)—"Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?"

Rastus—"No; but I'se got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

Lawyer—"Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see; what do they accuse you of stealing?"

Rastus—"Oh, a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

HE KNEW.

- / Teacher—"Yes, children, when the war broke out, all the able-bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell what motives took them to the front?"

Bright boy (triumphantly)—"Locomotives."

THE MOURNER.

The minister had just been giving the class a lesson on the Prodigal Son. At the finish, to test what attention had been paid to his teaching, he asked, "Who was sorry that the Prodigal had returned?" The most forward youngster in the class breathlessly answered, "The fatted calf!"

SPEAKING OF SLAVES.

On a journey through the South not long ago, Wu Ting-fang was impressed by the preponderance of Negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store, or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be borne by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time, but in the evening, when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waltzing and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the Negroes do that for you, too?"

SOUND ADVICE.

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound, practical advice that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life."

On receipt of the stamps, he sent his numerous victims the following:

"Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."

CONVENIENT.

"What are marsupials?" asked the teacher, and Johnny was ready with his answer:

"Animals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said glibly.

"And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure that you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."

AHEAD OF THE FUNERAL.

The general superintendent of a railroad in Oklahoma received a telegram from a small station on his road asking him to stop one of his fast trains there on a certain day to take on a corpse and a party of mourners.

Anxious to oblige, the superintendent gave the necessary orders. The train stopped, but there was nobody on the station platform but a small boy.

"Hey, Sonny," shouted the conductor, "where's that corpse and them mourners?"

"Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I came down to ast you to stop tomorrow ef you will. You see, the corpse ain't dead yit."

NEARLY HOPELESS.

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

THE CANNON ROARED.

While campaigning in his home State, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo"; and just as the boy

reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

“ ‘But hush! hark!’ ” declaimed the youngster, “ ‘a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?’ ”

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

“But hark!” bawled the boy, “that heavy sound breaks in once more,

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! Arm! it is the cannon’s opening roar!”

This was too much, and the laugh that broke the party swelled to a roar when “Uncle Joe” chuckled: “Put up your weapons, children, I won’t shoot any more.”

FEAR OF THE LORD.

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon stories in the smoking room of a Chicago hotel. One of them gave this:

“The great Elyot made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunderstorm came up. Elyot, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a thistledown. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

“It happened that a Negro had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the dead

man sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost stories.

"Suddenly, in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping, as of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape.

"All but one man ran. This one man, as he cowered on his stool, had the ill luck to be seized by the grapnel.

"The grapnel, going at a great pace, whirled him up for four or five feet in the air and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour.

" 'Oh, massa, massa,' he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight, 'I'se not de one! I'se not de cawpse! Dick's in de house dah! In de house dah!' "

HIS HEAD WAS HARD.

It is a common belief that the Negro's head is hard, capable of withstanding almost any blow. The following story, told by a prominent young dentist of Danville, Illinois, would seem to indicate something of the kind anyhow. Two Negro men were employed in tearing down a three-story brick building. One Negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them.

When this latter Negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall,

striking him directly on the head. Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, you make me bite my tongue."

A CONUNDRUM.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a colored man complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the Negro. "Dat ham's shore bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The Negro scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."

A RESTRAINED GRIEF.

Back in the ridges of Tennessee two mountaineers got into an argument. Words led to blows, and in the fight that followed one of the men was killed. A neighbor rode on ahead to the dead man's cabin to prepare his wife. He found her seated at a table eating apple dumplings. He broke the sad news to her as gently as he could. She listened quietly with a dumpling poised in the air half way to her mouth. When the neighbor paused she stuffed the dumpling into her mouth and said: "You jest wait 'til I finish this hyer dumplin' an' then you-all 'll hear hollerin'."

THE CHARITY OF YOUTH.

Not long after the Chelsea fire some children in Newton, Massachusetts, held a charity fair by which eighteen dollars were realized. This they forwarded to the rector of a certain Boston church, who had taken a prominent part in the relief work, with a letter which read somewhat as follows: "We have had a fair and made eighteen dollars. We are sending it to you. Please give it to the Chelsea sufferers. Yours truly, etc. P. S.—We hope the suffering is not all over."

TRAGIC.

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."

AS WILLIE SAW IT.

✓ Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

An old darkey wanted to join a fashionable city church and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do and not wanting to hurt his feelings,

told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darkey came back. "Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed, an' prayed, an' de good Lawd, he says to me, 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no mo. Ah've been trying to git into dat chu'ch mahse'f de las' twenty yeahs and ah ain't done had no luck.' "

TIT FOR TAT.

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman as he puffed away at his pipe, "if ye wuz me wife I'd take it."

HIS WAY.

An eleven-year-old boy had contracted a bad habit of swinging his feet while at the dinner table. One night his mother said very seriously: "Northam, you must not swing your feet like this. Why do you?" The lad answered: "Mother, I swing my feet when I feel contented and happy. It is my way of wagging my tail."

HOPELESS.

A friend was once talking with a crazy woman, when a stingy man passed by.

"Do you see that man?" said she, with a cunning smile. "You could blow his soul through a humming-bird's bill, into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink."

REAL ERUDITION.

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darkey janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darkey what he thought of the new minister, "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know he had!"

A REALLY GOOD MAN.

When a certain dusky citizen of Richmond took steps to obtain admission to a Masonic lodge in that city he found, to his dismay, that many obstacles were being interposed by those hostile to his initiation into the said organization.

He sought and gained from the proper officers an opportunity to refute certain statements regarding the character of himself and members of his

family. In a fine burst of indignation the applicant said, among other things:

"Gents, I am a good man. All my people is good people. Why, my brother-in-law is sich a good man that he got outer the penitentiary eight months befo' his time was up!"

A LETTER TO THE ANGELS.

A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:

"Dear Angels: We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."

THE KIND HE NEEDED.

Aunt Chloe was burdened with the support of a worthless husband, who beat her when he was sober and whom she dutifully nursed and tended when he came home bruised and battered from a fighting spree.

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug-store and asked the clerk for a "right pow'ful liniment foh achin' in de bones."

"You might try some of this St. Peter's prescription, aunty. It's an old and popular remedy. Cures cuts, bruises, aches, and sprains. One dollar the bottle. Good for man and beast."

Aunt Chloe looked at the dollar bottle and then dubiously at her flat purse. "Ain't yo' got some for fifty cents?" she ventured—"some foh jes' on'y beast? Ah wants it foh mah ol' man."

THE PROPER EQUIPMENT.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, straightening himself to his full height, replied, "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.

GRANDFATHER'S PREFERENCE.

A man living in Charleston during the earthquake there some years ago felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, but sent his six-year-old youngster out of the danger and confusion to his grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father, "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

COLOR-BLIND.

Three Irishmen were stopping at a second-rate hotel and one of them imbibed so freely at the bar that he had to be carried to his room, in which also slept a Negro in a separate bed. His comrades, as a practical joke on him, proceeded to paint the Irishman's face black. In the morning when awakened

by the proprietor, he got up, and happened to catch a sight of himself in the mirror. "Oi, bejabbers!" he exclaimed, "if the blamed idiots haven't gone and woke the nigger by mistake!"

And he crawled back into bed.

A STEADY FLOW

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

HOLY DAYS.

Dr. Hale and the late Bishop Huntington, of New York, were fast friends. The latter had been a Unitarian and his shift caused a sensation. The Episcopalians have saints assigned to the various days in the year. When an Episcopalian minister writes a letter on any day on which there is a saint, he always writes the name of the saint at the close of the letter instead of the date. Bishop Huntington learned all these things quickly, and began to practice them at once. The first time he had occasion to write to his old friend, Dr. Hale, after joining the church, he placed "St. Michael's Day" after his signature. A reply from the doctor came, and after his name he had written in a full round hand, "Wash Day."

FIRE SCREENS.

✓ A Negro preacher in a Georgia town was edified on one occasion by the recital of a dream had by a member of his church.

"I was a-dreamin' all dis time," said the narrator, "dat I was in Ole Satan's dominions. I tell you, pahson, dat was shore a bad dream!"

"Was dere any white men dere?" asked the dusky divine.

"Shore dere was—plenty of 'em," the other hastened to assure his minister.

"What was dey a-doin'?"

"Ebery one of 'em," was the answer, "was a-holding a cullud pusson between him an' de fire!"

A TALE OF A WAG.

A sentry while on duty was bitten by a valuable retriever, and drove his bayonet into the dog. Its owner sued him in the County Court for its value, and the evidence given showed that the soldier had not been badly bitten after all.

"Why did you not knock the dog with the butt end of your rifle?" asked the judge. The court rocked with laughter when the sentry replied, "Why didn't he bite me with his tail?"

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

✓ The new maid had been on this side of the water but a very short time and a most amusing thing happened when she answered the bell for the first caller at the house where she was employed.

"Can your mistress be seen?" the visitor asked.

"Can she be seen?" snickered Kathleen. "Shure, an' Oi think she can! She's six feet hoigh and haf as woide!"

NO DANGER.

✓ Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house and said breathlessly:

"Mother, they have a new baby next door, and the lady over there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "I will go over in a day or two just as soon as she gets better."

"But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick, and maybe you can do something to help."

"Yes, dear," said the mother patiently, "but wait a day or so until she is just a little better."

Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurted out, "Mother, you needn't be afraid—it ain't catching."

DID HIS LEVEL BEST.

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his

pick. In a few moments the Empire State Express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track, ahead of the train, as fast as he could run. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the soide of the hill is it, sor?" said Thomas through the bandages on his face. "Up the soide of the hill? Be the powers, I couldn't bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up-hill!"

PROOF OF HONESTY.

District Attorney Jerome at a dinner in New York told a story about honesty.

"There was a man," he said, "who applied for a position in a drygoods house. His appearance wasn't prepossessing, and references were demanded. After some hesitation, he gave the name of a driver in the firm's employ. This driver, he thought, would vouch for him.

A clerk sought out the driver and asked him if the applicant was honest.

" 'Honest?' the driver said. 'Why, his honesty's been proved again and again. To my certain knowledge, he's been arrested nine times for stealing and every time he was acquitted.' "

WELCOME ASSISTANCE.

✓ An old colored woman came into a Washington real-estate office the other day and was recognized as a tenant of a small house that had become much enhanced in value by reason of the building of the great new Union Station in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked briskly.

" 'Deed, an' Ah's glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho', 'case Ah des come in hyah terday ter tell you-all Ah couldn't raise hit dis month!"

HOMEWARD BOUND.

✓ A traveler in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed.

He rushed in and found a gigantic Negro woman beating a wizened little man with a club while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?"

"He's mah husban', an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll suah beat him some moah."

"What has he done?"

"Wha's he done? Why, this triflin' no' count

nigger done lef' de door of my chicken-house open and all mah chickens done gone out."

"Pshaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, suh, they'll go back."

WARNING HER.

A deaf but pious English lady, visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear-trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the services, and, wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered, "One toot, and ye're oot."

THE REAL GOVERNOR

Governor Willson of Kentucky had the misfortune sometime since to strain a tendon in his leg, necessitating the temporary removal of his office to the mansion, where business was transacted and visitors received. Here he was attended by "Jim," a darkey, who had been general factotum to many governors and had often been the cause of much fun. According to an article in *Lippincott's Magazine*:

On one occasion Mrs. Willson had waited luncheon for thirty minutes, and she told his Excellency that he must come down and eat with her.

"My dear," said Mr. Willson, "just as soon as I see that delegation of men downstairs I'll be with you."

Mrs. Willson was determined, and said, "Jim, you go down and tell them to wait."

"Jim," frowned the governor, as that worthy started off to obey the mistress of the mansion—"Jim, you know who is governor, don't you?"

"Yas, sir," grinned Jim, with seeming innocence, "yas, sir. I'll go down and tell the gemmen to wait, sir."

WHAT HE GOT.

A good many years ago, in the State of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said, "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."

VERY DRY GROUND.

A young man who lived in Chicago was drinking more than was good for him. His friends tried to stop him, but were unsuccessful.

Finally, one of them took him to Peoria, Illinois, where there are many great distilleries. They arrived about eight o'clock one evening and walked around.

"Now, look here, Jim," said the good Samaritan friend, "all these big buildings you see here are distilleries. I just brought you down here to show you that your idea you can drink all the whisky

they make is foolish. You can't beat them. You can't consume what they make and you'd better quit."

"Maybe I can't consume all they make," the young man replied, "but," he added with much pride, "I'll have you notice I've got them working nights."

BOTH ATHLETES.

✓ A traveler left his umbrella in a hotel, after attaching to it a card bearing in bold letters the warning: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal with his fist a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds. Coming back in five minutes."

He returned to find the umbrella gone, and in its place the message: "This card belongs to a man who can run twenty miles an hour. Isn't coming back."

INGRATITUDE.

✓ Gene, who is four years old, was delighted recently when the stork brought a long-coveted baby sister. He went forthwith to announce the glad tidings to the neighbors. To his surprise, they were not inclined to believe him, especially Edward, his chum, who stoutly scoffed the idea of a new arrival at Gene's house. With trembling lip Gene ran to his mother and threw himself, sobbing, against the bed.

"Just think, mother," he wailed, "Edward won't believe I've got a baby sister! And you know"—here his sense of the world's ingratitude grew

stronger, and he wailed afresh—"you know how good I was to him when they had kittens over at his house!"

SURE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS.

✓ A young man fell into a state of coma, but recovered before his friends had buried him. One of them asked what it felt like to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. And I knew I wasn't, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that make you sure?"

"Well, I knew that if I were in heaven I shouldn't be hungry, and if I were in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

TOO MUCH HONEY.

✓ Luther M. Burbank, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey the bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding-trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table.

The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

“ ‘Where’s my honey?’ he demanded.

“The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man’s ear, and in a stage whisper stammered:

“ ‘Er—Mamie don’t work here no more, sir.’ ”

NOT TO BE WASTED.

A gentleman lying on his deathbed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. “Poor Mike,” said she, “is there annythin’ ye wud have that would make ye comfortable? Annythin’ ye ask for I’ll get for ye.”

“Plase, Bridget,” he responded, “I t’ink I’d like a wee taste of the ham I smeel a-boilin’ in the kitchen.”

“Arrah, go on,” responded Bridget. “Divil a bit of that ham ye’ll get. ’Tis for the wake.”

HOW WE ALL FEEL.

Private Ullysses Roosevelt Jones was always longing for Alabam’, but the case goods on the dock at Brest, France, after the Armistice continued to pile up and Ullysses’s life was plumb miserable.

“Boss,” he said to his big black sergeant—“boss, ah’s mighty sick o’ dis yere liftin’ an’ unliftin’. It’s wuss dan de wah. It’s de wah all over agin an’ Ah only ’listed fo’ de duration.”

“Lissen, boy,” said the sergeant, giving one white-eyed glare at Ullysses. “Heah’s whah Ah

introduce yo' peanut brain to knowledge. De wah am over, sho' 'nough, but de duration yo' is in for now ain't sca'cely commenced."

CONTENTED.

Small Charlotte, not yet four years old, was gifted with so vivid an imagination that her mother began to be troubled by her fairy tales and felt it time to talk seriously to her upon the beauty of truthfulness. Not sure of the impression she had made, she closed with the warning that God could not love a child who spoke untruthfully and would not want her in heaven.

Charlotte considered a moment and then said:

"Well, I've been to Chicago once, and to the theater twice, and I don't s'pose I can expect to go everywhere."

CHEERING HER UP.

Young Wife—"Oh, I am so miserable; my husband has been out all the evening, and I haven't the faintest idea where he is."

Experienced Friend—"My dear, you mustn't worry. You would probably be twice as miserable if you did know."

NO DIFFERENCE.

Father—"Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"

Johnny—"It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends."

FREQUENTLY.

An old colored man, who could neither read nor write, and who had been found by his master to be deficient in his market-book accounts, blamed the butcher for tampering with his book. The gentleman of the house remonstrated by saying:

"But, Tom, figures don't lie."

"No," answered the old man, "but liars do figger."

STRIKING FOR HOME.

An Irish recruit who ran at the first shot in his first battle was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't, nayther. I just observed the gineral's express orders. He told us, 'strike for home and yer counthry,' and I sthruck for home. Thim what sthruck for their counthry is there yet."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

In a factory one of the huge machines stopped suddenly. In spite of exhortation, language, oil, and general tinkering it refused to budge. Production slowed down and the management tore its hair. At last an expert was called in.

He examined the machine for a few minutes and then asked for a hammer. After tapping here and there for about ten minutes, he announced that the machine was ready to move. It did.

Two days later the management received a bill for \$250—the expert's fee. The management demanded a detailed statement of the account. They received this:

“To tapping machine with hammer \$25
“To knowing where to tap 225

CANDID.

An alien wanted to be naturalized and was required to fill out a blank. The first three lines of the blank had the following questions:

“Name?” “Born?” and “Business?”

He answered:

“Name—Michael Levinshy.”

“Born—Yes.”

“Business—Rotten.”

THE FIRST LESSON.

Father—“Well, Carolyn, how do you like school?”

Carolyn (aged six)—“Oh, so much, papa.”

Father—“That's right, daughter. And now what have you learned to-day?”

Carolyn—“I've learned the names of all the little boys.”

COULDN'T GET RELIGION.

✓ Gen. O. O. Howard, as is well known, was a man of deep religious principles, and in the course of the war he divided his time pretty equally between fighting and evangelism. Howard's brigade was

known all through the army as the Christian brigade, and he was very proud of it.

There was one hardened old sinner in the brigade, however, whose ears were deaf to all exhortation. General Howard was particularly anxious to convert this man, and one day he went down in the teamsters' part of the camp where the man was on duty. He talked with him long and earnestly about religion and finally said:

"I want to see you converted. Won't you come to the mourners' bench at the next service?"

The erring one rubbed his head thoughtfully for a moment and then replied:

"General, I'm plumb willin' to be converted, but if I am, seein' that everyone else has got religion, who in blue blazes is goin' to drive the mules?"

REAL TRAGEDY.

A knife-thrower who was performing in an English music-hall had a particularly attractive assistant, whose duty was to lean, with outstretched arms, against a soft pine board. This board was surrounded with electric lights which accentuated her beauty. The knife-thrower would then station himself a few feet distant and hurl knife after knife at the board. These knives would just graze the skin and plunge with a thud in the board and remain quivering. It was a thrilling act, and when the last knife was thrown the young woman would be so closely hemmed in by knives that they had to be drawn out before she could free herself.

One night the pretty assistant was taken ill, and the performer's wife was drafted for the work. She was far from pretty; in fact, she was distinctly homely. She walked out onto the stage and when she reclined against the board the pitiless lights threw into relief her crooked features, unshapely limbs, and general unattractiveness. The knife-thrower took deliberate aim, and a knife flashed across the room and sank into the board by her head. Just as the knife struck, a small boy up in the gallery shouted with a wail:

"My Gawd, 'e missed 'er!"

VARYING VIEWPOINTS.

✓ A successful Chautauqua lecturer, who is also a lawyer, was presented to an audience as follows: "I am very glad to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. B——, who will give a lecture, 'The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint.' I can imagine only one lecture which might prove more interesting to this audience than the one announced. That would be 'The Trial of a Lawyer from Jesus' Standpoint.' "

THE LESSON ON THE COW.

A teacher was giving a "lesson on the cow." She was trying to impress on their young minds the various uses of milk. Butter, cheese, etc., had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright child to tell how the farmer gave the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked this question:

"Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs, and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?"

Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved frantically.

The teacher smiled and said, "Well, Tommy?"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped Tommy.

BOTH FORGETFUL.

A certain young man wrote the following letter to a prominent business firm, ordering a razor:

"Dear Sirs: Please find enclosed 50 cents for one of your razors as advertised and oblige, John Jones.

"P. S.—I forgot to enclose the 50 cents, but no doubt a firm of your high standing will send the razor anyway."

The firm addressed received the letter and replied as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your most valued order received the other day and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as per request, and hope that it will prove satisfactory.

"P. S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but have no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need for it."

DIDN'T NEED ANY MORE.

A very subdued-looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose, and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of

the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat. The note read as follows:

“Miss B——:

“Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played trooant, but I guess you don’t need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an’ him fell out, an’ the boy licked him, an’ a man they sassed caught him an’ licked him, an’ the driver of a sled they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an’ I had to give him another one for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time. He thinks he better keep in school hereafter.”

A DEADLOCK.

Johnny—“Grandpa, do lions go to heaven?”

Grandpa—“No, Johnny.”

Johnny—“Well, do ministers?”

Grandpa—“Why, of course. Why do you ask?”

Johnny—“Well, suppose a lion eats a minister?”

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Some years ago, in a Western State, then a territory, a popular citizen became involved with an influential and overbearing character and killed him.

Public sentiment leaned toward the defendant, but the law was against him, and, when the day of the trial came, the defendant, his counsel, and friends held a consultation, and, fearful of the con-

sequences, they decided that the defendant should plead guilty and beg the court's mercy.

The jury was charged by the court and retired. Presently it returned, and the foreman said:

"We find the defendant not guilty."

The judge viewed the jury in surprise and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, how be it? This defendant pleads guilty, and you find him not guilty?"

The foreman answered:

"Well, your Honor, the defendant is such a liar we can't believe him under oath."

EXPERTS.

✓ Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed "a little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it is not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor in the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father."

EVEN.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, while addressing a convention in Oklahoma City (recently,) told this story illustrating a point he made:

"A Northern gentleman was being entertained by a Southern colonel on a fishing-trip. It was his first visit to the South, and the mosquitoes were so

bothersome that he was unable to sleep, while at the same time he could hear his friend snoring audibly.

The next morning he approached the old darkey who was doing the cooking.

“ ‘Jim,’ he said, ‘how is it the colonel is able to sleep so soundly with so many misquitos around?’ ”

“ ‘I’ll tell you, boss,’ the darkey replied, ‘de fust part of de night de kernel is too full to pay any ’tenshum to de skeeters, and de last part of de night de skeeters is too full to pay any ’tenshum to de kernel.’ ”

INDIVIDUAL LIKES.

Mrs. J. C. Phelps-Stokes (Rose Pastor), the Socialist worker, recounted, at a Socialist meeting in New York, her amusing experiences among the slum children.

“Not long ago,” she said, “I saw on the street a little boy and girl whose clothes looked as if they had grown upon them. Speaking to them, I urged them to lead me to their mother, who politely informed me that it was her custom, at the beginning of cold weather to sew the little ones up in flannels, freeing them with the return of spring. I persuaded the mother to put buttons on the clothes and to bathe her children regularly. Then, last week, I visited her again.

“ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘how do the winter baths go?’ ”

“ ‘The children don’t like it, ma’am,’ said the mother. ‘Johnny refused his bath positively yes-

terday. He said you could do as you liked and he would do as he liked. You like to be cold and clean—he likes to be warm and dirty.’ ”

CORRECTED.

John C. Bell, district attorney of Philadelphia, and Justice John P. Elkin, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, were schoolmates, and the district attorney is inconsiderate enough to tell this tale out of school about the justice:

✓ “John,” he says, “was a stubborn youth, and the teacher had all kinds of trouble with him. I remember he insisted upon saying ‘have went,’ and to correct him the teacher compelled him to remain after school one day and write ‘have gone’ three hundred times.

“After scribbling ‘have gone’ until his hand ached, John appended this note to the bottom of the sheet of paper:

“ ‘I have done my work and have went home.’ ”

EASILY REPAIRED.

✓ Shortly after the return from their honeymoon, a young couple of Cleveland undertook house-keeping, the bride being especially desirous to put in practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the husband found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

“Dearie,” she gulped, “it does seem too awful

that the very first meat pie I should bake for you should be eaten by the cat."

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder, "I'll get you another cat right away."

JUST AS HE THOUGHT.

✓ A small boy was reciting in geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass.

She explained: "On your right is the east, your left is the west, and in front of you is the north. Now what is behind you?"

The boy studied a moment, and then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told ma you'd see the patch in my pants."

A GENTLEMAN.

✓ "I was standing in a Baltimore drug-store the other day, when a rather undersized newsboy, with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, entered and, sauntering up to the counter, leisurely asked the clerk for a match," said Mr. B——.

" 'Go chase yourself,' said the dignitary; 'I can't be bothered with you kids.' "

"The urchin drew himself up to his full height, took a nickel from his pocket, placed it on the counter, and said:

" 'Mister, I'll buy a box of matches.' "

"The clerk handed him a box. The boy took a match from it. lighted his cigarette with a few de-

liberate puffs, tossed the box back to the astonished clerk, and with a deep inhalation thus delivered himself:

“ ‘Mister,’ he said, ‘next time a gentleman comes in here and asks you for a match you can give him one out of my box.’ ”

A MODEST PROTEST.

The circus had come to a certain Southern town last summer. Just before the parade a prosperous-looking Negro approached the manager of the show, doffed his hat and said, “Does you-all showmen know you has youh show on my lot?”

The manager replied he knew nothing about the matter and ordered the Negro out of the way. The claimant, however, stood his ground and finally proved to the manager that he did own the lot. Then the manager looked up the real-estate agent who had rented the lot for circus purposes. The real-estate man came up. “What you want here?” he asked of the owner.

“Nuth’n’, co’n’l, nuth’n’, cep’ I was jes’ tellin’ dese yer show folks they done got th’ tent on my lot.”

“Did they tear your fences down?”

“No, sir, co’n’l, case dey ain’ no fences.”

“Well, don’t you know you can’t keep people off your lot unless it is fenced? They can play ball on it, or dig bait on it, or have a show on it, or pasture their cows on it, so long as it isn’t fenced and no house is on it.”

“Is dat so?” inquired the owner anxiously. “All right, co’n’l, all right. I wasn’t wantin’ nuth’n’ cep’ to have you-all admit I owns that there lot.”

SALUTED SPIRITS.

An old Negro woman, who takes in washing in Indianapolis, had a bad attack of the grip this winter. She was quite sick. Her daughter went to the house of one of her mother’s patrons to do the washing and was asked how her mother was.

“Oh,” she replied, “she’s bettah, thank you. She can sit up now an’ take a little whisky. Of course, though, she salutes (dilutes) it befo’ she takes it.”

THE TEST.

“Does yo’ believ dat Jim Johnson am really converted?”

“’Deed I does. I’ve bin visitin’ his house fo’ de last free months, an’ dey hasn’t had a mouthful ob chicken.”

INSURING CARE.

Reverend Lyman Powell, of Northampton, has a bright little son who is very much frightened in thunder-storms. One day a heavy shower came up when the little fellow had wandered away from the house. His father, who was watching for him, saw him come running toward home as the first drops fell. He looked terrified, and his lips were moving.

“What were you saying?” asked his father.

“I was reminding God that I am a minister’s son!” the boy replied.

BLACK INJUSTICE.

✓ A Negro farmhand entered the office of a lawyer in a Southern town.

"What is it?" demanded the lawyer.

"Jedge," replied the Negro, "ef a white man owes a niggah a dollah is they any law in them books up on the shelves dat say he gwinter haf' to pay it?"

"No; not a thing," replied the lawyer.

"Ain' they one line whut says so, jedge?"

"Not a line."

"Well," announced the caller, "all I gotter say is dat ef a niggah owed er white man a dollah evah leaf in dem books would say, 'Niggah, pay dat dollah.' "

TRUTHFUL SPOUSE.

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed the wife; "I am still with you."

THE MISFIT PRIZES.

✓ The circulation manager of a well-known periodical offered some prizes to a group of boys in a Texas town who were engaged in a friendly competition in selling his paper. The results were so good that he decided to send all the boys prizes.

He picked out a lot of things such as boys like

and sent them down with a letter to the boys. Presently he had a reply, which read:

"Dear Sir: The prizes came and they are very nice. We like them bully, only there was a mistake or two. That pair of boxing gloves was given to a boy who has only one arm and that big harmonica went to a boy who is deaf and dumb."

WITHIN BOUNDS.

While making a visit in New York, a man unmistakably of country origin was knocked down in the street by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions:

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman, who was first among the rescuers, as he helped the stranger to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," came the cautious reply of one evidently given to non-committal brevity of speech, "it ain' done me no good."

MORE THAN ENOUGH.

Little Johnny had never had enough of batter-cakes and syrup. His mother determined to see that he had enough for once in his life. So she prepared a large pan of batter and a jug of syrup, sat him down before the fire and began to fry batter-cakes, pour syrup on them and tell him to help his plate and eat. For awhile it was great fun to Johnny and he ate away with delight. There is a limit even to a little boy's stomach, however, and

the limit to Johnny's stomach's capacity began to be reached, and he began to slow up.

"Go ahead, Johnny," she said, "I want you to have enough. Eat a-plenty."

"I dot 'nuff," Johnny replied.

"No, no," she said; "you have been bothering me for years about not having enough batter-cakes and syrup, and now I want you to get enough for one time."

Johnny managed to worry down a little more and then he stopped again. His mother urged, "Eat on, Johny, I want you to have enough."

Johnny began to cry and said: "I told you I dot 'nuff. I don't want some o' dis I dot."

HIS DIFFICULTY.

Real-estate Agent—"This tobacco plantation is a bargain. I don't see why you hesitate. What are you worrying about?"

Prospective But Inexperienced Purchaser—"I was just wondering whether I should plant cigars or cigarettes."

TOO MANY TAILORS.

A man bought a new pair of pants to wear to a picnic. They were tried on the night before the picnic and found to be six inches too long. It was too late to take them to a tailor for alteration and the entire family went to bed sympathizing with him. About eleven o'clock that night his mother-in-law decided to help the poor fellow out, so she

got up, took the pants, cut off six inches, hemmed them up neatly and went back to bed thinking how pleasantly surprised he would be next morning at her thoughtfulness.

About twelve o'clock the wife slipped out of bed, found the pants, cut off six inches, neatly hemmed them and went back to bed rejoicing in the thought of how pleased her husband would be when he put on the pants and found what she had done.

A little after one o'clock he slipped up, took the ill-fated pants, cut off six inches, neatly hemmed them, and went back to bed thinking how surprised all would be next morning when they learned how he had solved his difficulty. To the consternation of all when he put on his pants next morning for the picnic they were a foot too short.

SHE COULD USE HIM.

✓ "Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you're plain no-account and shiftless, and for this fight I am going to send you away a year at hard labor."

"Please, jedge," interrupted Mrs. Rastus from the rear of the courtroom, "will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labor stand."

THE MAIN THING.

An old colored man got up one night in a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed henroosts an' stole hawgs, an' tole lies,

an' got drunk, an' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swore; but I thank de Lawd ders one thing I ain't nebber done: I ain't nebber lost mah 'ligion."

A HINT TO THE HENS.

Abbie, the little girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast-table one morning. As usual, eggs were served.

Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the bill of fare, for she soberly and earnestly remarked, "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

A GOOD WORD FOR HIM.

✓ Hans Schmidt was reputed to be the meanest man in the neighborhood. He died. His body was placed in the grave, and, according to an old Pennsylvania German custom, the people stood around the open grave, waiting for someone to say some good thing about the deceased before filling the grave.

After a long wait, Gus Schulze said: "Well, I can say joost one goot thing about Hans: he wasn't always as mean as he was sometimes."

A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER.

✓ A teacher was trying to illustrate the outcome of laziness and idleness. She drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Johnny," she said to a little boy who had been looking out of the window, and whose mind was far from the lesson of the hour, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets food, clothes, and lodging and gives nothing in return?"

Johnnie's face glowed. "Please, miss," he replied, "the baby."

NOTHING NEW.

An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods.

On one occasion a woman called him to treat her baby, which was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

FARSIGHTED.

A railway employee was in the witness box and was being cross-examined by a very self-important lawyer about a case which had resulted in a damage suit as a consequence of an accident on the railroad.

"You say you saw this man fall from the train?" said the lawyer.

"I saw him fall, yes," replied the railway man.

"Yet it was nighttime," insisted the lawyer. "And you were at one end of the train and the man was at the other. Do you expect an intelligent

jury to believe such a yarn? How far can you see at night?"

"About a million miles, I think," replied the railroad man. "I can see the moon. How far is that?"

The lawyer retired.

REMINISCENT.

"What did your wife say when you got home the other night?"

"Not a word. She just sat down at the piano and played 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.' "

HARD-BOILED.

The black-haired waitress, very much out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy customer waiting to give his breakfast order. She slammed down the knives, forks, and other cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him.

Then, striking a furious pose, she asked, "Whatcha want?" with a snap.

"Coupla eggs," growled the customer.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are."

BATH NIGHT.

Pat was helping the gardener on a gentleman's place and, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he inquired what it was for.

"That," said the gardener, "is a bird bath."

"Don't ye be foolin' me," grinned Pat. "What is it?"

"A bird bath, I tell you. Why do you doubt it?"

"Because I don't belave ther's a bird alive that can tell Saturday night from any other."

POST-MORTEM CHAT.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"Oim alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."

ACCIDENTAL.

George W. Cable, the author of so many delightful stories of the South, recalls an amusing incident of his boyhood days, which were spent in New Orleans.

"A fierce old colonel one day called his Negro coachman to him. "You were drunk yesterday!" he roared. "What do you mean by such a performance?"

" 'Twas a accident, sah, 'pon mah word."

"An accident?"

"Yes, sah. In de mornin' I gets a jimmyjohn ob rum fer t' keep de rheumatiz from mah ole woman

an', Marse John, I slips on de ice an' bust de jimmyjohn, an' de rum mak' little puddles in de road. Den, sah, I jes' gets down an' laps some up. Dat's how it cum, Marse John."

"You black rascal! How much did you drink?"

"Well, Marse John, sah," answered old Ned, with a twinkle in his eye, "I s'pose I mus' er save more 'en a quart!"

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

COULDN'T STOP.

A few months ago a Methodist preacher delivered a discourse on "Jonah," at La Center, Kentucky, in which he is reported to have said: "When Jonah left that fish he hit the ground a-runnin', and started full tilt for Nineveh. One of the sisters looked out of her window and saw a cloud of dust down the road, and, after looking intently, said to her husband, 'I believe in my soul, yonder comes Brother Jonah.' She went to the door and hol-lered, 'Good-mornin'.'

" 'Good-mornin', ' answered Jonah, without turning his head.

" 'Where are you goin' so fast, Brother Jonah?' "

" 'Goin' to Nineveh,' he replied.

“ ‘Well, stop and take dinner with us.’

“ ‘Ain’t got time. Three days late now.’

“ ‘Oh, come in and get your dinner, Brother Jonah. We’ve got fish for dinner.’

“ ‘Don’t talk to me about fish,’ said Brother Jonah.

“ ‘Well, come in and have a drink of water.’

“ ‘Don’t talk to me about water’—and on he went a-clipping toward Nineveh.”

QUITE RIGHT.

✓ Mayor Marshall, of Columbus, Ohio, tells the following story:

“A teacher said to her class:

“ ‘Who was the first man?’

“ ‘George Washington,’ a little boy shouted promptly.

“ ‘How do you make out that George Washington was the first man?’ asked the teacher, smiling indulgently.

“ ‘Because,’ said the little boy, ‘he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.’

“But at this point a larger boy held up his hand.

“ ‘Well,’ said the teacher to him, ‘who do you think was the first man?’

“ ‘I don’t know what his name was,’ said the larger boy, ‘but I know it wasn’t George Washington, ma’am, because the history book says George Washington married a widow, so, of course, there must have been a man ahead of him.’ ”

A GOOD SHOT.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, once had a shikaree, or hunting servant, whose duty it was to attend the visitors at the viceregal court on their shooting excursions. This young man was above all noted for his tact.

Returning one day from one of these expeditions, the shikaree encountered the Viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked:

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?"

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."

AGAIN THE TEMPTER.

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor', bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

DEEPLY CONCERNED.

The kind old lady noticed a small lad entering a cobbler's with a small package.

"What have you there, sonny?" she asked kindly.

"Ma's slipper," replied the lad; "you see, there is a tack out of place in it and I want to have it fixed before ma notices it."

"Ah, what a considerate little boy. I suppose you are afraid the tack might hurt your mother's foot?"

"Well, it isn't exactly that. You see, the tack is sticking out on the sole and this is the slipper ma spansks me with."

HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adee was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employee of the State Department was called to the phone and the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee," was the reply.

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—."

"You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

SHE WAS TO WAIT.

There is living in Illinois a solemn man who is often funny without meaning to be. At the time of his wedding, he lived in a town some distance

from the home of the bride. The wedding was to be at her house. On the eventful day the solemn man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that the bridegroom missed his train.

Naturally he was in a "state." Something must be done, and done quickly. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come.—Henry."

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

✓ "There was an old chap out in my country," said Senator Carter, of Montana, "who was not regular in his church-going, and he was taken to task about it by the minister. So the next Sunday he slipped into church and sat it out.

"As he was coming home he met a friend. 'Say,' he said, 'did you ever hear about this man Simpson?'

" 'Simpson?' asked the friend. 'What Simpson?'

" 'Well, he was a mighty man. He took the jaw-bone of a mule one day and went down and killed fifty thousand Philadelphians before noon.' "

A GRAND STOVE.

✓ A Georgia woman, who moved to Philadelphia, found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day

mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—oh, my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire ain't gon' out yit."

FULL PANEL.

The jurors filed into the jury-box and after all the twelve seats were filled there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the Court please," said the clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us thirteen jurors instead of twelve. What do you want to do with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

"Joseph A. Braines," he replied.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "take this man back to the jury commissioners and tell them we don't need him as we already have here twelve men without Braines."

THE WONDER OF IT.

Little Clarence—"Pa!"

His Father—"Well, son?"

Little Clarence—"I took a walk through the cemetery to-day and read the inscription on the tombstones."

His Father—"And what were your thoughts after you had done so?"

Little Clarence—"Why, pa, I wondered where all the wicked people were buried."

NOT HIS FAULT.

"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could."

NOT THE SAME.

A child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer-meeting, was taken by its nurse to the circus for the first time. When he came home he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, if you once went to the circus you'd never, never go to prayer-meeting again in all your life."

HIS CONFESSION.

In a burst of penitence little Freddie was telling his mother what a wicked boy he had been.

"The other day, mamma," he said, "I found the

church door unlocked and I went inside. There wasn't anybody there and I—"

"You didn't take anything away, did you, son?" she asked.

"Worse than that; I—"

"Did you mutilate the hymn-books or play any tricks of that kind?"

"Oh, lots worse than that, mamma," sobbed Freddie. "I went and sat down in the amen corner and said, 'Darn it!' "

NOLLE PROSSED.

Rastus had caught Sambo red-handed.

"Ah'm gwine had yo' arrested foh stealin' mah chickens, yo' Sambo Washington—dat's jess what Ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus.

"Go ahead, niggah," retorted Sambo. "Go ahead and had me arrested. Ah'll mek yo' prove whar yo' got dem chickens yo'seff!"

OH, YES, HE KNEW HIM.

General Miles tells how he once put a question or two to a veteran Negro soldier who was an inmate of a soldiers' home. The old fellow was sunning himself on the grass, when the general engaged him in conversation, touching his campaigns and the officers he had fought under. "Did you ever see Grant?" asked the visitor.

"Did I ever see Grant?" repeated the old fellow, with a superior smile. "Why, I was a-layin' on de ground after one battle, when I heahs de sound of

hosses' hoofs, and den a voice calls out, 'Is dat yo', Morgan?'

"I knowed in a second dat it was Gin'ral Grant. 'Yassah,' I says, very respectful.

" 'Come heah!' says Gin'ral Grant.

"I gits up, reluctant-like. I was kinder tired out.

" 'I wants yo' to git back home,' says Gin'ral Grant.

" 'Why?' says I, still respectful.

" 'Cause you're killin' too many men,' says the Gin'ral."

PLACING DANIEL.

"Who was Webster?" asked a member of the school board.

"A statesman," said one boy.

"An orator," said another.

"But what is a statesman?" asked the gentleman.

"A man who goes around making speeches," answered a small boy.

"That's not just exactly right," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Now, I go around making speeches once in a while, but I'm not a statesman at all."

"I know," spoke up a bright little fellow. "It's a man who goes around making good speeches."

EVEN A DETECTIVE DOESN'T KNOW EVERYTHING.

✓ Wm. J. Burns, the great detective, once suffered a loss of reputation with at least one man. He told the story himself:

"I well remember," said he, smiling, "a walk I once took down Market Street, in San Francisco. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a gold-headed cane in my hand, a drunken man had the imprudence to stop me.

" 'Ain't you Mr. Burns?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' said I. 'What of it?'

" 'Mr. Burns, the detective?' he hiccoughed.

" 'Yes, yes. Who are you?' I asked impatiently.

" 'Mr. Burns,' said he, 'I'll tell you who I am. I'm—hic—the husband of your washerwoman.'

" 'Well, what of that?'

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said:

" 'You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Burns.'

" 'What don't I know?'

" 'Well,' said he, 'you don't know that—hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white shirts.' "

AN EMERGENCY.

✓ When a certain darkey of Mobile, Alabama, announced his engagement to the dusky one of his choice, the congratulations that were showered upon him included a note of wonder.

"Joe," said one of these friends, "I shore is surprised! We-all never thought you'd speak up. It's going on two years sence you begun to fool around Miss Violet."

"Dat's true," said Joe; "but de fact is, old man, I didn't lose my job until last night."

PRETTY BAD.

Senator Kenyon, who was recently elected to the lamented Dolliver's place in the Senate, is credited with this story:

"Judging from the stuff printed in the newspapers, we are a pretty bad lot. Almost in the class a certain miss whom I know unconsciously puts us in. It was at a recent examination at her school that the question was put, 'Who makes the laws of our government?'"

" 'Congress,' was the united reply.

" 'How is Congress divided?' was the next query.

"My young friend raised her hand.

" 'Well,' said the teacher, 'what do you say the answer is?'"

"Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the miss replied, 'Civilized, half-civilized, and savage.' "

SUSPICIOUS.

Johnny Williams had been "bad" again.

"Ah me, Johnny!" sighed his Sunday-school teacher, "I am afraid we shall never meet in heaven."

"What have you been doin'?" asked Johnny, with a grin.

A POSER.

✓ The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change that, you darned thucker!"

A HINT.

✓ Two witnesses were at the Waterford Assizes in a case which concerned long-continued poultry-stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly baffled prosecuting counsel asked, in an angry tone of voice, "Will you swear on your soul, Pat Murphy, that Phady Hooligan has never to your knowledge stolen chickens?"

The responsibility of this was too much, even for Pat. "Bedad, I would hardly swear by me soul," he said; "but I do know that if I was a chicken and Phady about I'd roost high!"

OBLIGING.

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town watching the people pass. Nearby was a popcorn-vender's stand.

Presently the lady remarked: "My! that popcorn smells good!"

"That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

Two dear old ladies were discussing husbands. Said the first: "I have been married three times. Each of my husbands is dead, though. They were all cremated."

Her friend was a dear old maiden lady. She listened attentively to her friend, and when she had concluded the sad story of her life she said: "How wonderful are the ways of Providence! Here I've lived all these years, and have never been able to get one husband, and you've had husbands to burn."

TACT.

The president of a small college was visiting the little town that had been his former home and had been asked to address an audience of his former neighbors. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs, he began his address thus:

"My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."

SUBTRACTION.

The teacher was hearing the youthful class in mathematics.

"Now," she said, "in order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. For instance, we wouldn't take three pears from four peaches, nor eight horses from ten cats. Do you understand?"

There was assent from the majority of pupils. One of the little boys in the rear raised a timid hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is it?" asked teacher.

"Please, teacher," said Bobby, "couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

THE DIVINE'S FAULT.

Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, tells of a well-known divine who was visiting a State prison, when he came across a prisoner whose features were familiar to him.

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" he asked.

"You married me to a new woman a little while ago, sir," the prisoner replied, with a sigh.

"Ah, I see," said the parson; "and she was domineering and extravagant, and she drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," said the prisoner, "my old woman turned up."

HE GOT HIS.

An aged colored man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home and, thinking to have some fun with the old man, said:

"Sambo, if you burn that grass the entire lawn will be as black as you are."

"Dat's all right, suh," responded the Negro. "Some o' dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youa are."

BRIGHT OR LAZY.

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard pa say tha map of the world was changing every day an' I thought I'd wait a few years, till things got settled."

A MAKESHIFT.

"Look here, Mose, I thought you were going to be baptized into the Baptist church?"

"Yaas, sah, I was. But since it's winter, I's bein' sprinkled into de 'Piscopal till de summer comes."

TOO SOON TO TELL.

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?" At this Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded, "Nope—ain't been home yet."

EASY.

"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?"

"Yes, your riverence."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your riverence."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the

great judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverince?"

"To be sure, I did "

"Well, then, your riverence, I'd say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.' "

THE DUTCHMAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS DOG.

A Dutchman addressing his dog said:

"You vas only a dog und I vas a man but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit bed in, you shust turn dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit bed in I haf to lock up the blace und vind der clock und put de cat out und undress myself und my vife vakes up und scoles me, den de baby cries und I haf to vawk him up and down—den maybe und I shust got to shleep it's time to get up again. Ven you get up, stretch yourself und scratch a couple of times und you vas up. I haf to light der fire and put on the kittle, scrap some mit vife alretty, und maybe get some breakfast. You blay around all day und haf lots of fun. Ven you die you vas ded; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

THAT BRIGHT BOY.

Not many years ago Frank Butterworth was in the football limelight. When Frank was about twelve years of age, his distinguished father, Representative Ben Butterworth, was seriously ill for a

long while, but recovered. When he was convalescent his personal and political friends called on him and tendered hearty congratulations. Big Ben Butterworth thanked his callers, and said:

"Yes, boys, I was so near the other shore that I could hear the bells ringing a welcome to me."

"Were they fire-bells, papa?" inquired little Frank.

LIMITED BAIT.

A teacher was one afternoon examining a class of young boys in geography. He said:

"Now, boys, what do you think that Noah did while he was in the ark?"

After waiting several minutes he saw one hand go up, and the little chap, on being asked what he thought that Noah did, replied:

"Sir, I think he might have fished some."

"Yes," said the instructor, "that is possible; he might have fished some."

Presently another small hand went up. The teacher asked this one what he thought about it.

The small boy said, "I don't think that he fished very long, because he only had two worms."

MAKING SURE.

O'Reily was a henpecked husband, unforgiving even when Mrs. O'Reily had been called to the "great beyond." He refused to have anything to do with the funeral or go to the cemetery. All of the arrangements were looked after by neighbors.

When they had straightened up the house they got O'Reily to consent to come in and look over the floral offerings of the friends. Then they asked him if there was anything further they could do before they took their leave. Still regarding the floral pieces, O'Reily nodded and observed:

"If yez don't moind, yez might close thim 'Gates Ajar.' "

HER FATHER IN TROUBLE.

When Grover Cleveland's little girl was quite young her father once telephoned to the White House from Chicago and asked Mrs. Cleveland to bring the child to the phone. Lifting the little one up to the instrument, Mrs. Cleveland watched her expression change from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear. It was surely her father's voice—yet she looked at the telephone incredulously. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver the little girl burst into tears. "Oh, mamma!" she sobbed. "How can we ever get papa out of that little hole?"

FROM THE INITIATED.

"The shortest after-dinner speech I ever heard," said Cy Warman, the poet, "was at a dinner in Providence, Rhode Island.

"A man was assigned to the topic, 'The Christian in Politics.' When he was called upon he arose, bowed and said: 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: The Christian in Politics—he ain't.' "

HIS ANCESTRY.

King Edward was very fond of his eldest grandson, and liked talking to him. When the little Prince was eleven his grandfather asked him what he was studying in his history lesson, and was told, "Oh, all about Perkin Warbeck?" The king asked, "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" and the lad replied: "He pretended that he was the son of a king. But he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

MORE PALATABLE.

Thomas W. Lawson, at a dinner in Boston, said of a far-famed financier:

"He is all right at heart, but his outside is prickly and you must handle him with great caution, as they handled the Tin Can gambler.

"A gambler of Tin Can borrowed a sum from a money-lender, and, when the note fell due, he said he could not settle.

" 'You must settle!' shouted the money-lender. 'If you don't settle I'll—'

"But the gambler, taking a revolver from his boot pointed it at the money-lender and said:

" 'Eat that note, or I'll let daylight through you!'

"And the money-lender, after a moment's silent thought, crumpled the note into a ball, put it in his mouth, chewed vigorously, and then, with a gulp, swallowed the pulpy morsel.

" 'That dose saved your life' said the gambler, in a mollified tone, and the next day he had a streak of luck and paid the money-lender in full.

"The money-lender was much pleased with this honesty, and when the gambler, a few weeks later, called and asked for a new loan, he was readily accommodated.

The gambler, having pocketed the new loan, sat down, dipped a pen in the ink, and selected a sheet of paper whereon to write the usual acknowledgment. But the money-lender hastily interposed.

" 'Hold on, my friend,' he said, and he ran to a cupboard.

" 'Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing it on this soda cracker?' "

IN LANGUAGE HE KNEW.

Stanley Jordan, the well-known Episcopal minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message to his parent, "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines."

Looking it up the father found the words:

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan Passed."

THIS WORLD FIRST.

There is an English church where a box hangs on the porch. It is used for communications for the pastor. Cranks put their notes in it, but occasionally it does fulfill its purpose. Recently the minister preached, by request, a sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," and during the week the following note was found in the box

“Dear Sir:—I should be much obliged to you if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on ‘The Recognition of Friends on Earth,’ as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet.”

KEPT THEM HUSTLING.

“A good turkey dinner and mince pie,” said a well-known after-dinner orator, “always puts us in a lethargic mood—makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

“‘What is the principal occupation of this town?’

“‘Wall, boss,’ the man answered, yawning, ‘in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east.’ ”

WHAT SHE WANTED.

A big colored woman came before a Virginia judge, seeking redress for domestic troubles.

“I’s a wronged woman,” she declared, “an’ I wants redress fru dis here co’t.”

“Tell me about your trouble,” said the kind-hearted judge.

“It’s about mah ole man. He’s done been ca’yn on plumb scannalous wif a lot of dese here young niggah gals, an’ it’s got so bad ’twill I don’t

see him no moah'n once a week. Somp'ns gottah be did!"

"H'm! I see," said the judge. "You are seeking a divorce—a legal separation—is that it?"

"Go 'long, man! Divo'ce nothin'! Think I's gwine t' gib him what he wants, and 'lows dat man who, 'spite all his cussedness, is de han'somest niggah in Coon Tree Holler, t' go skyhootin' 'roun' 'mong dem little yaller gals? N' sah! I doan want no divo'ce, n'r dat legal septitution you-all's talkin' about. N' sah, jedge: what I wants is a injunction."

HIS ONLY HOPE.

The doctor stood by the bedside and looked gravely down at the sick man.

"I cannot hide from you the fact that you are very ill," he said.

"Is there anyone you would like to see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer, faintly.

"Who is it?"

"Another doctor."

A WARM-WEATHER JOB.

A Negro boy from Louisiana got into Boone, Iowa, during a cold spell last winter. He was thinly clad; the first job he got was cleaning snow off the sidewalks.

As he was at work he stopped a passer-by and asked: "Mistuh, cain you tell me whar I kin find some other job than this? I ain't nevah goin' to shovel snow agin whar it's cold."

HALF MOURNING.

Miss Lee, of Virginia, had a Negro maid who was always asking her mistress for her clothes long before she was through with them. One day Diana's husband died and she went into deep mourning. In a very short time, however, she asked her mistress for a certain hat, which was trimmed with bright-red roses. Much surprised and amused, Miss Lee remarked:

"Why, Diana, you cannot wear that hat, you are in deep mourning for Toby and it would look outrageous."

"Law, Miss," returned Diana quite cheerfully, "I's thinking of going out of mourning from the waist up."

NIGHTTIME FOR THAT.

In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chickenhouse for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and help me clean out a hen-house."

"Law, now, Mr. Washington, the old man expostulated, you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no hen-house roun' yere in de daytime."

WHAT ANATOMY IS.

A little colored school girl down in Florida, in answer to the question "What is Anatomy?" wrote the following: "Anatomy is a human body. It is divided

into three parts—the haid, the chest, and the stummick. The haid holds the skull and the brain if they is any; the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w, y.”

HIS PROGRESS.

An old Southern planter met one of his former Negroes whom he had not seen for a long time. “Well, well!” said the planter. “What are you doing now, Uncle Amos?”

“I’s preaching de gospel.”

“What! You preaching?”

“Yassah, marster, I’s a-preachin.”

“Well, well! Do you use notes, Amos?”

“Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I demands de cash.”

KINDLY ADVICE.

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner’s house when there was a dog in the yard.

“Hit wouldn’t be of no use, jedge,” said the man, “to try to ’splain dis thing to you all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full o’ shot an’ git no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, jedge, yo’ better stick to de bench, whar yo’ am familiar.”

REACHING HER LIMIT.

She was a new cook and anxious to please. So was the mistress anxious that she should, especially on a certain evening when there was a special company at dinner. To the consternation of the hostess, appeared Bridget, holding before her a plate of tomatoes, but arrayed minus her waist and skirt.

"Well, ma'am," she said. "I did it—did what ye told me—bring the tomatoes in undressed. But I'll lose me place furst before I will take off another stitch."

ON FOR GOOD.

Little Alice was going on a journey, and Lily, her very colored nurse, was kneeling before her, polishing her little shoes.

"I want ter do 'em real good, baby, so they'll stay black while you are away."

Baby watched her seriously a moment, then remarked pleasantly:

"I tell you, Lily, God shoe-polished you real good before you went away, didn't he?"

HER SOURCE OF COMFORT.

One day a pastor was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long-placid countenance bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her: "My dear Mrs. S., what has been

the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unfailing comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I may pass the secret on to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The old lady thought a moment, then, lifting her eyes, dim with age yet kindling with sweet memories of the past, answered briefly, "Victuals."

ALL MADE CLEAR.

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't," the missionary said.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"

DIFFERENT COMPLEXION.

A stranger in Boston was once interested to discover, when dining with friends, that the dessert he would have classed as cream layer-cake at home was known in Boston as Washington pie. The next time he lunched at a restaurant he ordered the same thing; but the waiter put before him a rather heavy-looking square of cake covered with chocolate. A puzzled expression came over his face as he said reprovingly, "I ordered Washington pie, waiter."

"That is Washington pie, sir."

"Well," expostulated the disappointed man, "I did not mean Booker T.—I want George."

CHRONIC BUNGLER.

The topic that was being talked in Washington related to the proper training of children, which reminded Congressman Oscar Calloway, of Texas, of an incident that occurred in one of the small towns in his State.

"For the fifth time," the Congressman said, "a colored boy was arrested on a charge of appropriating chickens, and the magistrate decided to try an appeal to the lad's father."

"Look here, Rastus," said the magistrate, when the father appeared in court, "this is the fifth time that your son Ebenezer has been in this court, and I am tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame yo', jedge," responded the father,

a little sadly. "I'se tired ob seeing him here myse'f."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act?" demanded the magistrate. "Why don't you show him the right way?"

"Say, jedge," earnestly replied the father, "I hab done gone an' show dat boy de right way a dozen times, but somehow he allus git caught wid de chickens on him."

WHY HE GROANED.

A small pickaninny heaved a jug over the counter to the grocer.

"Mammy wants er dime's wuth er 'lasses," she announced.

Knowing the family ways, the grocer was inquisitive.

"Got yo' dime with you, Sally?" he asked.

"Yas, suh."

Thereupon the grocer went below to the molasses barrel in the cellar. It was a cold day and the stream ran slowly from the spigot, but he whistled and stamped about for ten minutes to keep up his temperature as well as his courage. At last the jug was filled and his cold and lonely vigil ended. He returned and heaved the jug back over the counter.

"Lemme have yo' dime, Sally," he said.

Sally's eyes grew white and wide.

"Law's a mussy," she exclaimed; "if mammy ain't gone an' put dat dime in de bottom er dat jug."

HEADING THEM OFF.

Aunt Cindy was running around the yard in the rear of her cabin seeking to drive into her henhouse a dozen or so of chickens that seemed anxious to go anywhere but in the henhouse.

"Why do you go to all that trouble, Aunt Cindy?" asked a passerby. "Don't you know that chickens come home to roost?"

"Sho' I knows it, white folks," answered Aunt Cindy, "an' dat's de trouble—dey goin' home to roos'!"

TAKING CHANCES.

An aviator descended in a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual, "Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?"

"What?" the well-dressed individual snarled. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States Senator!"

"Well, what of it?" said the aviator. "I'll trust you."

PRAGMATISM.

This was the note which was handed to one of the grade teachers the other day:

"Dear Mum—Please ixcuse Johnny to-day. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this iximple, if a field is 4 miles square how long will it take a man walking 3 miles an hour to walk $2\frac{1}{2}$ times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his

daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late to-night, tho' it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the nixt problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Resp'y yours. Mrs. Jones."

SOME MOURNER.

Down in Georgia a Negro, who had his life insured for several hundred dollars, died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into detail as to prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho' is fine cloes, but, befo' heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear?"

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns I mourns."

MINUTE DETAILS.

A young man who needed false teeth wrote to a dentist ordering a set as follows:

"My mouth is three inches acorst, five-eights inches three the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss-shew, toe forward. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar."

PREPARED.

A commercial traveler at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling, "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fail you, sir."

HYGIENE IN LAUGHTER.

A lawyer got into an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the attorney, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Representative Livingston says that he was once in a little crossroads store in Georgia, when an old darkey came shambling in.

"Hello, Uncle Mose!" the proprietor greeted him. "I hear that you got converted at last at the camp-meeting, and have given up drinking."

"Yas, sah, ah done seed de error ob mah ways an'

turn roun' an' headed fer de narrer path," Uncle Mose declared, fervently.

"Well, you deserve a great deal of credit for that, Uncle Mose," the merchant said, approvingly.

"Yas, sah, tank yo', sah," Uncle Mose exclaimed, delightedly; "dat's des what Ah thought, an' Ah 'lowed Ah'd come in hyah an' git you-all to gib me credit fer some side meat an' meal."

A CHANGE.

Mrs. Smarte—"The doctor insists that I must spend the next few weeks abroad. He says I need a change."

Mr. Smarte—"So you do; that's a fact."

Mrs. Smarte—"Ah! You agree?"

Mr. Smarte—"Yes, you need a change—of doctors."

WHAT HE WAS CRYING FOR.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" said a man to a crying boy.

"Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get better soon."

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall—all the way. I never saw nuffen."

THE PARROT THAT QUIT TALKING.

Kerrigan went on a trip to South America, and while there bought a present for O'Brien in the shape of a pretty Spanish parrot, which was

shipped to O'Brien. When he got back home he said to O'Brien:

"Dinny, did ye get the foine parrot Oi sent ye?"

"Oi did that, Kerrigan, and Oi wants to tell ye that Oi never put me teeth into a tougher bird in me life!"

NO NEED.

"I suppose," said a sympathizing neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory?" echoed the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes he left to-day, and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post."

SUMMER WEAR.

Patrick worked for a notoriously stingy boss and lost no chance to let the fact be known. Once a waggish friend, wishing to twit him, remarked:

"Pat, I hear your boss just gave you a brand new suit of clothes."

"No," said Pat, "only a part of a suit."

"What part?"

"The sleeves iv the vest!"

AND A BARGAIN AT THAT.

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is ten

cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said, "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."

LAW-ABIDING.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm the mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm for law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than three hundred feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."

INCIDENTAL CASE.

Dr. Rube Tinker was a qualified M. D., but, settling in a cattle country and finding the demand strong, he had added veterinary work to his other practice.

"Nothing serious," announced the doctor, after examining a valuable bull which he had been summoned post-haste to treat. "Give him one of these powders in a quart of bran mash three times a day."

The rancher heaved a sigh of relief.

"Wait," he said, as the M. D., V. S., was about to leave, "I reckon, as long as you're here, you might as well have a look at the old woman. She's been ailin' for a month or two."

HOPELESS.

A typical Southern "mammy" entered the office of a well-known attorney, and, after mopping her shining brow with a bandanna handkerchief, said to the man at the desk:

"Ah wants t' git a divo'ce f'om mah husban', Mose Lightfoot."

"On what grounds?" asked the attorney.

"He's jes natchelly wufless," was the reply.

"What is your husband's occupation?"

"He jes sets roun' de house all day and p'tends to mind de baby."

"Does he take good care of the child?"

" 'Deed he do not! He is too lazy. Dis mawnin' he tried to make de dawg rock de cradle by tyin' its tail to one ob de rockers."

"Did the scheme work?"

"Land sakes, no! Mose am so evahlastin' grouchy dat he couldn't speak enough kind words to make de dawg wag its tail!"

NEVER FAILS.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try getting home late some night."

SECRET.

Judge—"Where did you get those chickens, Rufus?"

Rufus—"You wouldn't have me giv up ma trade secret, would yer, judge?"

CLEARED.

"Who's been stealing my coal?"

"I reckon it was the squirrels, cap'n."

"Squirrels?"

"Yesseh. Dat was nut coal, cap'n."

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't egg coal, or I might think it was you."

WHY SHE ASKED.

✓ Little Mary, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And God," she petitioned at the close, "make seven times six 48." "Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother. "'Cause that's the way I wrote it in zamination in school to-day, and I want it to be right."

WHAT IT IS.

This illustration of the tango is credited to an Arkansas City Negro:

"Dat tango, boss, am sort of a easy motion. Ye jes go a-stealing along easy like ye didn't have any knee joints and wuz walkin' on eggs that cost fo'ty cents a dozen."

DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.

A gentleman was standing in the lobby of one of Birmingham's leading hotels when someone made a remark about it being so easy to get a little "wet refreshments" in the Magic City. The young man said: "I have been in Birmingham for nine days and I have never found that wet spot yet, and I

want to tell you I have looked for it, too." The "never sleep" Negro porter of this hostelry had become interested in the conversation, and, advancing close enough to the speaker to tip his cap politely, asked this question, "Boss, where is you been stopping since you come to town—in de cemetery?"

FAST GROWERS.

"P'taters is good this mornin', madam," said the old farmer making his usual weekly call.

"Oh, are they?" retorted the customer. "That reminds me. How is it that them you sold me last week is so much smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?"

"Wall," replied the old man, "p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first."

LIMITED ADVICE.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was reluctant.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"My inimy, is it, father?" responded Michael. "And it was your riverince's silf that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!"

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest; "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

EVIDENT.

In a registration booth in San Francisco an old colored woman had just finished registering for the first time.

"Am you shore," she asked the clerk, "dat I'se done all I has to do?"

"Quite sure," replied the clerk; "you see it's very simple."

"I'd ought to knowed it," said the old woman. "If those fool men folks been doing it all dese years, I might-a known it was a powerful simple process."

CLIMBING OUT OF A HOLE.

Everyone has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and got the reply, "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

LAST DITCH FIGHT.

An old gentleman, now deceased, never seemed to be satisfied unless he had several cases pending in court. He left surviving a son who seems to

have followed in his footsteps and has continued to keep up his father's record of proceedings in court.

Several of the attorneys were talking about his court troubles one day, when one of them told the following about the old gent:

"The old gent had just won a case in the justice court, when the loser in a very combative frame of mind exclaimed, 'I'll law you to the circuit court.'

"Old Gent—'I'll be thar.'

"Loser—'And I'll law you to the Supreme Court!'

" 'I'll be thar.'

" 'I'll law you to 'ell!'

" 'My attorney'll be thar.'"

VERY FOOLISH, INDEED.

Willie likes to hear about historical heroes. He is very critical, and when he thinks he has discovered any errors of judgment on their part he never hesitates to express himself. Recently, when his mother had read him "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" he said, almost contemptuously:

"Wasn't Paul foolish not to telephone!"

HER PROOF.

"Yes," said Mr. Cumrod, earnestly; "but what convinces you that the Duke loves our daughter deeply and devotedly?"

"The fact," replied his wife, icily, "that he is willing to accept you as a father-in-law."

CORRECT.

"What animal," asked the teacher, "is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Looking over the raised hands, she said, "Well, Harry, you may answer."

"Please, ma'am, the moth. It eats nothing but holes."

PUNISHMENT.

Little Jim, in climbing off the woodshed, a place he was forbidden to go, tore his clothes.

"Now mamma will punish you!" exclaimed his Sister Lucy.

"What do I care?" was the happy rejoinder. "Scoldings don't hurt; whippings don't last long; and killin' you dasent."

THE USE OF LIGHTNING.

Little Anna was out-of-doors with her mother in the dusk of a summer evening and was rather frightened by the gathering shadows. She noticed some flashes of heat lightning across the eastern sky and exclaimed joyfully: "God is doin' to light the moon now; he's squatching his matches!"

KATHARINE'S KINDNESS.

Katharine is two and a half years old. Her father came home one afternoon, after working three days and three nights at high pressure, with almost no sleep. He lay down with the feeling that he did not want to wake for a week. Half an

hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a small clear voice, "Father!"

The sleeper stirred and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! father!"

He stirred again, and moaned.

"Father! father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"

OVERPOWERING.

"Is you gwine ter let dat mule do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's yer will power?"

"My will power is all right," he answered. "You jest want ter come out here and measure dis here mule's won't power."

PUZZLING.

Willie is a very inquisitive boy and his grandfather is bald. He was calling to see the folks and was watching his grandfather wash. He watched very closely, and when his grandfather noticed he asked him what he was looking at. Willie replied:

"Grandpa, I was just wondering how you knew just how far up to wash your face."

PERHAPS.

When Jamie sat quiet for any length of time, his mother always trembled. It usually meant some question best defined as a "poser."

And on this occasion he hadn't moved for ten minutes. Then it came:

"Mother, do angels sleep?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose so."

"Do they lie down, mother? How can they, with those big wings?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Jamie. I've never thought about it."

Silence again, and she hoped he had forgotten, but Jamie was thinking deeply. "I've got it, mother," he cried at last. "I'll bet they roost!"

CHERISHED MEMENTOES.

Senator Clapp, at a dinner in Washington, chuckled over the appearance before his committee of Colonel Roosevelt.

"The colonel," he said, "certainly got back at everybody. He reminded me of the Irishman.

"A friend of mine, traveling in Ireland, stopped for a drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof, and, as he sipped his refreshment, he noted, on a center table under a glass dome, a brick with a faded red rose upon the top of it.

" 'Why do you cherish in this way,' my friend said to his host, 'that common brick and that dead rose?'

" 'Shure, sir,' was the reply, 'there's certain

memories attachin' to them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick.'

" 'But the rose?' said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

" 'The rose,' he explained, 'is off the grave of the man that threw the brick.' "

WHEN VISITORS CAME.

"Mother," asked the little one on the occasion of a number of guests at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"

THE LITTLE TOO MUCH.

It was a beautiful evening and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into silence that at last became painful to his fiancée.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they bane too much said already!"

WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS.

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher said that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Ah," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

A SWAT INDIRECT.

Mandy—"What foh yo' been goin' to de post-office so reg'lar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female?"

Rastus—"Nope; but since Ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese conscience funds, Ah kind of thought Ah might possible git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."

UNIVERSAL EPIDEMIC.

Mr. Roger W. Babson says that in looking up appendicitis cases he learned that in seventeen per cent of the operations for that disease the post-mortem examinations showed that the appendix was in perfect condition.

"The whole subject," he adds, "reminds me of a true story I heard in London recently. In the hospitals there the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as

'T. B.' for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips when his curiosity was aroused by the number on which the letters 'G. O. K.' appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around:

" 'There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G. O. K. in London. What is it, anyhow?'

" 'Oh, that means, "God only knows," ' replied the English physician."

REPENTANCE POSTPONED.

An old Negro parson in a Southern church was denouncing theft to his congregation, when he said:

"If there is any member of this congregation who is guilty of theft he had better repent at once and be saved."

On his way home he was stopped by old Rastus, who had listened to the sermon intently.

"Don't you think, parson, that next Sunday will do just as well as to-night to repent?" asked Rastus.

"But, Rastus, why not repent to-night and be saved, man?"

"Well, parson, it's this way," explained Rastus. "I want just one mo' chicken fo' to-morrow's dinner, and I know wha I can get dat chicken widout bein' caught to-night."

"Well," said the parson, hesitating, "I don't know what to say, so I think I will take dinner with you to-morrow and then talk the matter over with you."

JUST A HINT.

Mayor Stewart, at an insurance banquet in Saginaw, told an insurance story.

"A septuagenarian," he began, "said one evening at dinner to his fair young wife:

" 'My darling, I have just insured my life in your favor for \$100,000.'

" 'Oh, you duck!' the beautiful girl cried, and, rising and passing round the table she kissed her husband lightly on his bald head.

" 'Darling,' he said, taking her slim white hand, 'is there anything else I can do for you?'

" 'Nothing on earth,' she answered, and then, with a little silvery laugh, she added: 'Nothing in this world. Nothing under heaven.' "

A HORSE LAUGH.

Motorist (blocked by load of hay)—"I say there, pull out and let me by."

Farmer—"Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry."

Motorist (angrily)—"You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past."

Farmer—"That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. There hain't no danger o' yew eatin' it, I reckon."

CHRONIC.

Small Boy (to charitable lady)—"Please, mother says she's much better of the complaint wot you gives 'er quinin' for; but she's awful ill of the disease wot's cured by port wine and chicken broth."

WHY?

✓ For a whole solid hour the captain had been lecturing his men on "The Duties of a Soldier," and he thought that now the time had come for him to test the results of his discourse.

Casting his eye around the room he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim.

"Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The Irishman scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating and enlightening smile flitted across his face. "Sure, captain," he said pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

OF COURSE!

✓ James started his third helping of pudding with delight.

"Once upon a time, James," admonished his mother, "there was a little boy who ate too much pudding, and he burst!"

James considered. "There ain't such a thing as too much pudding," he decided.

"There must be," continued his mother, "else why did the little boy burst?"

James passed his plate for the fourth time, saying, "Not enough boy."

SAD IGNORANCE.

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the criminal court. A large, rough-shouldered Negro was in the witness chair.

“An’ then,” said the witness, “we all went down in the alley an’ shot a few craps.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Clark, swinging his eyeglass impressively. “Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps.”

“Wass that?” asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

“Address the jury, sir,” thundered Mr. Clark, “and tell them just how you deal craps.”

“Lemme outen heah,” said the witness, uneasily. “Furst thing I know this genman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich.”

IN THEIR STEPS.

“Look here, now, Harold,” said a father to his little son, who was naughty, “if you don’t say your prayers you won’t go to heaven.”

“I don’t want to go to heaven,” sobbed the boy; “I want to go with you and mother.”

HIS KIND.

A traveler who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say, “Why in hell did you play that card?”

He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

“Thank God, they are Christians!”

HAD TO CALL FOR AID.

A good story is told of Gilligan and Milligan, two married men who, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Gilligan supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Gilligan rang the bell lustily, and a window was raised and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madam (hic)," inquired Mr. Gilligan, "isn't that his, Mr. Gilligan's house (hic)?"

"No," replied the lady, "this is the residence of Mr. Milligan."

"Well," exclaimed Gilligan, "Mrs. Milligan (hic), I beg your pardon (hic). Mrs. Milligan, won't you come down to the door (hic) and pick out Milligan, for Gilligan wants to go home."

EASY.

Teacher in a graded school—"Name the seasons."

Pupil—"Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

PREFERRED THE BEAR.

A gentleman from the North was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out, and the planter, who was at the head of the hunt, called to one of the Negroes:

"Sam, go in there and get that bear out."

The Negro hesitated for a moment and then

plunged into the cane. A few moments later the Negro, the bear, and the dogs were rolling upon the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said to the Negro:

"Were you not afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?"

"Cap'n," replied the Negro, "it was jest dis way, I neber had met dat b'ar, but I was pussonally 'quainted wid de old boss, so I jest naturally took dat b'ar."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

The host was nervous and inexperienced and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of a song with which one of the guests had been obliging.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "Before Mrs. Smith started to sing she—ah—told me her—ah—voice was not in the best condition and—ah—asked me to apologize for it, but I neglected to do so and—ah—I apologize now."

HOW MUCH?

A little fellow entered a general grocery store in the suburbs and said: "Please, my mother says, 'Will you kindly give her a needle for this egg?' "

The storekeeper smiled. "Why," he said, "you can get a whole packet of needles for that nice fresh egg."

"No, sir," said the boy, "my mother don't want a whole packet. She says, 'Please give me the change in cheese.' "

EXPERIENCED.

During an Episcopal convention in Boston one of the bishops had an experience he will long remember. He was a portly man, weighing over three hundred pounds. One afternoon, while walking through Boston Common, he sat down on one of the benches to rest. When he attempted to get up he failed in the effort. He tried again and failed. About this time a little girl, poorly clad, came along and was attracted by the struggles of the bishop. Stepping up to him, she exclaimed:

"Don't you want me to give you a lift?"

The bishop gazed at her in amazement and exclaimed:

"Why, you can't help me. You are too little."

"No, I am not," she replied. "I have helped my pa get up many times when he was drunker than you are."

VACUUM THEOLOGY.

A colored Baptist was exhorting. "Now, brethren and sistern, come up to de altar an' hab yo' sins washed away."

All came but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has! Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."

A QUARTER FOR A S-CENT.

A well-dressed woman stepped in front of the perfume counter. "I would like some good perfume," she said to the clerk. Pointing to a bottle filled with perfume worth eight dollars an ounce, she asked to sample it.

Because the woman looked as if she might make a purchase, the clerk permitted the woman to take a whiff of it.

"Now, that's pretty good," the customer replied; "I think I'll take a quarter's worth."

"Why, madam," the astonished clerk managed to answer, "you've already had a quarter's worth."

OUCH!

A class of boys was undergoing an examination in Scripture. The subject was the Good Samaritan.

"And why do you think the priest and Levite, after looking at him, passed by on the other side?"

"Because they saw he had been robbed already," was the answer.

AN ESSAY ON FROGS.

A classic essay, lately immortalized in type, is about frogs, and was written by a young Norwegian. The essay runs: "What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either, when he sit he sit on what he ain't got almost."

PREPARED FOR INCREASED BUSINESS.

"Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you are found guilty of having stolen two chickens from Mrs. Robinson's cook last week. The fine will be five dollars."

Smilingly Rastus approached the clerk and laid a ten-dollar bill on the desk.

"Yassah, jedge," he said. "So Ah gives you ten bucks which pays me up to an' includin' nex' Sattidy night."

SAFETY FIRST.

There was a man in Texas who went to a revival meeting and was pressed to repent. He wavered for a time and finally arose and said, "Friends, I want to repent and tell how bad I have been, but I dasn't do it when the grand jury is in session."

"The Lord will forgive," the revivalist shouted.

"Probably he will," answered the sinner, "but he ain't on that grand jury."

LARGE SUPPLY NEEDED.

Eph Brown was a true believer and fond of any religious ceremony. When "de suction" caught him he became a sort of unofficial chaplain in a colored labor battalion. He worked assiduously among his fellows, and finally persuaded a dozen or more to join him in an open-air baptizing on a January day.

That it was necessary to chop a hole in the river

ice to provide a space for immersion rather cooled the ardor of the converts, but not Eph's. Seizing the nearest soldier, he plunged him beneath the icy waters. He had not reckoned on the swift current, however, and the luckless victim was snatched out of his hands and carried permanently out of sight.

Eph was not in the least disconcerted.

"De Lawd giveth," he intoned, "an' de Lawd taketh away. Bring me anotha privit."

FUR AND LONG.

A stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner in a military camp who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick.

"Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in overalls and under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho-nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, an' Ah stayed too long."

RECIPROCITY.

The goose had been carved and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The colored minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm. "Dat's as fine a goose as I ever set my teeth in, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, parson," he replied, exhibiting great dignity and reluctance, "when you preaches a

'specially good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show de same consideration."

QUITE A MISTAKE.

The telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is it?"

The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied, "The smartest man in the world."

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number."

THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN.

In a recent letter to the *Breeder's Gazette*, a subscriber told how a printer got an auction sale and an account of a wedding mixed. The resulting article read like this:

"Married at the home of the bride's township, one mile north and two miles east of Mr. and Mrs. Jones' highly respected residents of Thursday, Jan. 27, Miss Ethel Drinkwater by the Rev. 18 head of shorthorns consisting of four bridesmaids dressed in pale blue and carrying calves by their sides. They had tulle veils . . . sired by the noted Kentucky jack Bombino 3d. Also forty-six head of hogs, including the groom's father from North Dakota, where he is engaged in missionary work, and is immuned by the double process. These

shots are all thrifty, and relatives of the bride and groom. They all gathered in the spacious dining-room after the ceremony, and partook of 300 bushels of seed oats, 1000 bushels of corn, 10 large sacks of millet and alfalfa. The bride is the youngest daughter of one trusty incubator, capacity 600 eggs, one John Deere five-room cottage and a trip to Omaha, after which they draw 10 per cent interest from date. Free lunch at noon."

ANY CORD.

During a recent political campaign two deacons of the same faith religiously, but on opposite sides of the fence politically, attended prayer-meeting services.

"O Lord," intoned the Republican deacon, "I pray thee that the Republicans may hang together—"

"Amen!" ejaculated the Democrat.

"But not, O Lord," continued the Republican, "in the sense that my Democratic brother means, but in accord and concord."

"Any cord'll do, Lord: any cord'll do!" was the closing thrust of the Democrat.

CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

There was an all-round good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a beautiful funeral address, eulogizing the departed in such glowing words, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband, and

parent. He painted such a fine picture that the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side and said, "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

THE CUSTOM.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at fourteen dollars a ton and you pay the dealer sixty-five dollars, how many tons will he bring?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny, promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that's not right," said the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't right," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

Little Bobby, who had been playing with a neighbor's daughter, came sobbing to his mother one day and declared that his playmate had pulled his hair.

"Why, Bobby," his mother gasped, "I thought she was such a nice little girl that she would never do such a thing like that."

"So did I," wailed Bobby; "that's why I kicked her."

SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM.

Two powerful colored stevedores who had some sort of falling out were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary re-

marks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.

"You jest keep on pestivating 'round wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine be able to settle a mighty big question fur de sciuntific folks."

"What question dat?" asked the other.

"Kin de dead speak?"

HIS BEQUEST.

A lawyer was known to be a bit grasping. He had just made a will for an old lady client, who was passing away. The next day the old lady, very near the end, said to him: "About my will—I've added something to it. I've given—given—"

"Just one minute, my good friend," said the lawyer, wishing to have witnesses for the remark. So he hurriedly called the family in, and when they were all assembled he said to his old client, "Now, say what you were going to say."

"I've—given—you—" and she stopped, her breathing becoming more and more labored.

"Yes, yes," urged the lawyer.

Then she finished, "—a—great—deal—of—trouble."

SHE WAS PREPARED.

A certain clergyman always felt it his duty to give each couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony. He usually

took them aside one at a time and talked very soberly to each regarding the importance of the step they were about to take and the new responsibilities they were to assume. One day he talked in his most earnest manner to a young woman who had come to be married. After he had talked to her for several minutes, he said, in closing, "And now, I hope you realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared," replied the bride innocently. "Well, if I ain't prepared, I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones and four brand new feather-beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table-cloths, a dozen spoons and a new six-quart kettle, and lots of other things."

THE LESSER EVIL.

Judge Lyons, of Tombstone, Arizona, arose one evening to make a speech in the presence of a very large audience. He spoke so badly that his audience melted away by degrees. At the end of an hour one old miner alone was left.

The old miner yawned and reached down for his hat at last, but was horrified to see Judge Lyons draw a six-shooter from his hip-pocket and lay it on the desk before him. The old miner sat up. He fingered his hat nervously. At length he interrupted Judge Lyons' turgid flood of oratory and said, "Be you gwine to shoot ef I go?"

"Such, friend, is my intention," said the judge grimly. "I'm bound to finish my oration, even if I have to shoot to keep an audience."

The old miner heaved a deep sigh, then arose and started for the door, at the same time saying over his shoulder, "Wall, shoot if yer a mind to; I'd as lief be shot as talked to death."

ONE OF THEM.

There was a man who did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church a collector approached him and held out the plate.

"I never give to missions," whispered the man.

"Then take something out of the plate, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen."

HIS ONLY FEAR.

"Papa," said a little girl, "when you see a cow ain't you afraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you afraid?"

"No, of course not."

"When you see a dog ain't you afraid?"

"No!" he replied with emphasis.

"When you see a bumble-bee ain't you afraid?"

"No," he replied with scorn.

"Ain't you afraid when it thunders?"

"No," he said with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child."

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"

SILENCE WAS DEATH IN THIS CASE.

A merchant was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign languages. He ordered it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and the cook followed instructions.

At dinner he was duly served. "What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. Mary told him. "But, for goodness sake, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven languages."

"Then, phwy the divil didn't he say something?"

HOPE VS. EVIDENCE.

At the grave of the departed the old colored pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the grave he delivered himself of the following funeral oration:

"Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, "you is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

HE MAY NEED THEM.

The following news item appeared in a little country paper: "The church presented Dr. Smith with a splendid car. He asks the prayers of all Christian people."

ON ITS WAY.

"And what is an egg?" asked the missionary who was testing his pupils' knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the little foreign boy, "is a chicken not yet."

SOMEWHAT CONFUSED.

A colored woman visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge, "Is yo'all the reperbate jedge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se come to you-all 'cause I'se in trouble. Mah man—he's done died detested an' I'se got t'ree little infidels so I'se cum to be 'pinted de execoo-tioner."

DEEP MOURNING.

An old colored woman went into a dry-goods store and stopped before the underwear counter.

"Honey," she said to the clerk, "is you got any black underwear? I lost mah old man lately an' I'm mourning fur him."

"No, auntie," replied the salesgirl, "but I have some very nice white ones. Won't they do?"

"No, honey," replied the old woman with a deep sigh. "No, they won't do. When I mourns, I mourns clean down to de skin."

ANOTHER NOT NEEDED.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her!" exclaimed the young suitor passionately. "Why, I would die for her. For one

soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish—a bruised mass upon the rocks two hundred feet below.”

The old man shook his head. “I am something of a liar myself,” he said, “and one is enough for a small family like mine.”

SHE WANTED PROGRESS.

“No, sah, Ah doan’t never ride on dem things,” said an old colored woman looking in the merry-go-round.

“Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an’ ride as much as a dollah’s wuth an’ git off at the very same place he got on at, an’ I sez to him, ‘Rastus,’ I sez, ‘Yo’ spent yo’ money, but whar yo’ been?’”

TIT FOR TAT.

A white minister had just married a colored couple and in a jocular way remarked:

“It is customary to kiss the bride, but in this instance we will omit it.”

Quick as flash the groom replied:

“It is customary for the groom to give the minister a five-dollar bill, but in this instance we will also omit that.”

SPECIAL KENTUCKY COURSE.

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. “This here boy’s arter larnin’,” he announced. “What’s yer bill o’ fare?”

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with triggernormetry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

BACK TO NATURE.

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a colored person committing suicide?" a white man inquired of a colored man.

"Well, you see, it's disaway, boss: When a white pussun has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisself. But when a colored pussun sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he nacherly goes to sleep!"

UNDER SUSPICION.

A colored pastor, dismissing his congregation one Sunday morning, said:

"De membahs what am pervided wid umbral-lahs will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Since de mysterious disappearance of my own umbrallah last Sunday dar am a cloud of suspicion floating over dis yere church which has got to be dispelled."

GOING INTO HALF MOURNING.

Miss Annette Benson, on returning from a visit, brought gifts to each of her mother's servants. It was the "day out" for Lily, the housemaid, so

Annette distributed her gifts, reserving for Lily a scarlet-silk blouse.

"That won't do," said Mrs. Benson. "Lily's in mourning."

"Mourning?"

"Yes, for her husband; he died in jail, and Lily's wearing mourning, a long crepe veil."

When Lily returned, her young mistress expressed regret. "I'll give the blouse to Lizzie," she said, "and I will get you something else."

Lily looked at the blouse, then she swallowed.

"Don't you give that blouse to no Lizzie, Miss Annette, co's next mont' I'se gwine outa mourning from my waist up."

HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE.

"Who's dead?" asked the stranger, viewing the elaborate funeral procession.

"The bloke what's inside the coffin," answered the irreverent small boy.

"But who is it?" the stranger persisted.

"It's the mayor," was the answer.

"So the mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Well, I guess he is," said the small boy, witheringly. "Do you think he's having a rehearsal?"

WATCH.

A little chap who thinks a watch is one thing that makes life worth living was told that for the present a watch could not be given him. But he con-

tinued to tease for one until the whole family were wearied. Then his father, after explaining to him that he should certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again. The next Sunday the children, as was the custom in that family, repeated Bible verses at the breakfast table.

When it was the boy's turn he astonished them all by saying: "What I say unto you, I say unto all: Watch!"

SPECIALLY ENDOWED.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Miss Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctur's kyar eroun' dar yistiddy."

"It was my brother, Lila."

"Sho'! What's he done got de matter of 'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat an' sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun and seems as well as anyone, but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't work?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Miss Carter, dat ain't no disease what yo' brother got. Dat's a gif'!"

WAS HE?

General Sherman once stopped at a country home where tin basin and roller towel sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched the visitor make his

toilet. When, on the third day, the toothbrush, nailfile, and whiskbroom had been duly used, he asked, "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to you'se'f?"

NOT WORTH THE DIFFERENCE.

A colored servant, wishing to get married, asked his master to buy him a license in a neighboring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish on Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the license made out in her name.

"There's your license to marry Euphemia," he said to the servant that night. You are as good as married already, and you owe me two dollars."

The colored man's face fell.

"But, Marse Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wa'nt nothin' mor'n a little flirtation. Georgiana Thompson, the la'n-dress, is de one I'se gwine to marry."

"Oh, well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another license to-morrow, but it will cost you two dollars more, of course." The next morning the colored man came to the carriage as it was starting for town, and, leaning confidentially over the wheel, said: "Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder license; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been thinkin' it over in de night, an' I tell

you de troof, Mass' Tom, de conclusion of my jedgement is dat dar ain't two dollars' wuth o' dif-funce between dem two ladies."

MUCH IGNORANCE.

At a church conference a speaker began a tirade against education in general and seminaries in particular, and expressed thankfulness that he himself had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After a few minutes the bishop interrupted with the question, "Do I understand, Mr. Dobson, that you are thankful for your ignorance?"

"Well, yes; you can put it that way if you wish."

"Well, then, all I have to say," the bishop replied sweetly, "is that you have much to be thankful for."

COLORED MATHEMATICS.

A Southern senator once rented a plot of several acres to one of his colored neighbors. The land was to be planted in corn, and the senator was to receive a fourth. The corn was duly harvested, but the senator did not receive his fourth. Meeting the colored man one day, he said, "Look here, Sam, have you harvested your corn?"

"Yas, sir, boss, long ago."

"Well, wasn't I to get a fourth?"

"Yas, sir, boss, dat's de truf, but dar wan't no fourth. Dar was jes' three loads, and dey was mine."

A PROVIDING MAN.

"Is your husband much of a provider, Aunt Malindy?" asked her mistress.

"He jest ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine to git some new furniture providin' he gits de money; he gwine to git de money providin' he gits a job; he gwine to go to work providin' de job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days."

HIS RIGHTS.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge sternly.

"He called me a liar, your honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up face.

"Sure, it is true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you got to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with the case, your honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar, I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"

A BONEHEAD.

"G'wan, nigger, you ain't got no sense nohow."

"Ain't got no sense? Whut's dis yere haid for?"

"Dat thing? Dat ain't no haid, nigger; dat's jest er button on top er yo' body ter keep yer backbone from unravelin'."

WON'T SHE?

An old colored mammy who was addicted to the pipe was being lectured on the habit by a Sabbath-school teacher. Finally the lecturer said, "Do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes, indeed, I does."

"But the Bible says nothing unclean shall enter there. Now the breath of the smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?"

"Well," the old mammy replied, "I reckon I leave ma bref behin' when I enter dar."

A SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

"And how did the service go?" the bishop asked the young supply minister.

"It was soothing, moving, and satisfactory."

"How's that?"

"You see, it was soothing because half of the congregation went to sleep. It was moving because half of the other left before I was through. And it must have been satisfactory, because I was not asked to come again."

SEEING THEM ALL.

Colonel Thomas D. Osborne was an ex-Confederate. He is also an ardent Baptist. Both come close to his heart.

A friend stopped Colonel Osborne and inquired whether he was going to the Confederate reunion at Chattanooga.

"I'm sorry I cannot," said the colonel. "Gen.

Bennet Young is urging me to attend the reunion to meet my old comrades because I may never see them again. But I have a Baptist convention to attend just at the time the reunion will be held. I told General Young I was sure to meet all Confederates in heaven, but I must meet my Baptist friends while I can."

HEROIC REMEDY.

A colored woman went to the pastor of her church to complain of the conduct of her husband, who she said was a low-down, worthless, trifling fellow. After listening to a long recital of his delinquencies and her efforts to correct them, the minister said, "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No," was her reply, "but I done tried hot water."

STUMPED.

"Children," said the teacher to his pupils, "you should be able to do anything equally well with both hands. With a little practice you will find it just as easy to do anything with one hand as it is with the other."

"Is it?" inquired the boy at the foot of the class. "Let's see you put your left hand in the right-hand pocket of your trousers."



